

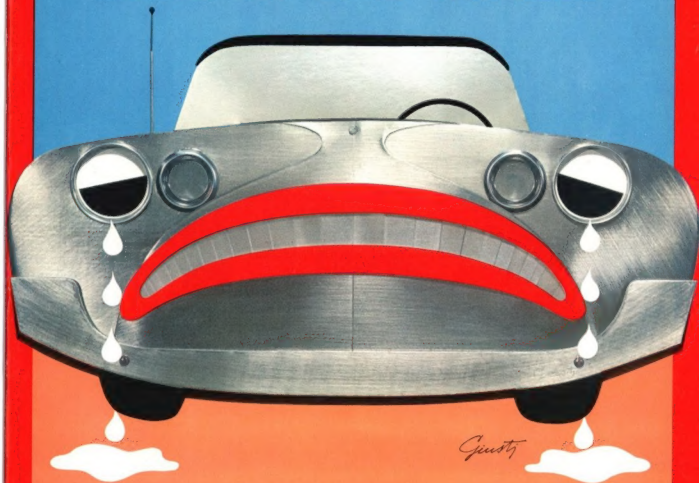
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that Man might Live in Peace

Ours is a complex society. Yet, we are fortunate to be living in our time. No other generation has had the willingness, or the courage, to so define its shortcomings and to deal with them. Mankind has recognized the inequities of our society, and seeks a new way. Strong nations have recognized that our survival lies in world peace, and they seek a new way. With this beginning, no generation has stood on a brighter threshold. With God's help, we will find a new way.

Christ said, "Judge not that you not be judged." In light of his words, is our way to crusade in prejudice? Is our way to destroy that which is good, to emphasize that

which is bad? Is our way the outlet of emotional revolution that finds the innocent more often the victim than the victor?

The true way must be found within each of us, as it is found in the innocent heart of the newborn. We have but to ask, in our own hearts, are we truly worthy to wish "Peace on Earth, Goodwill toward Men", and ready to give of ourselves in personal sacrifice that man may live in peace and dignity.

★

With the help of Almighty God, each of us will find his answer.

Conrad N. Hilton
CONRAD N. HILTON
Barron Hilton
BARRON HILTON



A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

As TIME's 94 correspondents round the world can readily testify, 1973 was an unusual year with many challenges. But in the course of pursuing stories for the magazine, correspondents had some offbeat adventures. Hong Kong Bureau Chief Roy Rowan, for instance, was in Peking to cover a reception given by the Chinese for visiting Ethiopian dignitaries last February. Rowan was jogging early one morning when a bearded man leaned out of a taxicab and frantically ordered him to stop. The man was a French television cameraman who had been assigned to record the first signs of the American presence in Peking but was having trouble locating Americans. "Finally, I saw a foreigner running in the freezing cold wearing a blue sweatshirt with red and white stripes," the cameraman explained. "I figured it had to be a crazy American." For the next hour, Rowan ran in circles between the Gate of Heavenly Peace and the Great Hall of the People while the Frenchman made his documentary.

DAVID AIKMAN

Working for TIME also placed an unusual burden on one of Rowan's colleagues in the Hong Kong bureau, David Aikman. After completing an interview with Moslem rebels in the southern Philippines, Aikman was paddling down a creek when an entire rebel village—men, women and children with assorted weapons—hailed him from the shore. "They said they were fighting for secession from the Philippines," he reports, "but they had a novel alternative to independence: they wanted to be taken over by the U.S. and imagined that I had been granted Kissingeresque powers to rearrange national sovereignties on the map of Asia." Aikman posed with the villagers for a high school-type photo and exited gracefully. In Uganda, Nairobi Bureau Chief Lee Griggs momentarily forgot his manners when President Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin Dada admired his necktie. "I should have remembered," confesses Griggs, "that when a Moslem admires something of yours, you give it to him." Good-naturedly, Big Daddy, a former heavyweight boxing champ of Uganda, punched Griggs in the

chest. Griggs, incidentally, did not give Big Daddy the necktie.

That was nothing compared with the existential dilemma of the New York bureau's Richard Ostling when he found himself trying to interview the followers of Swami Satchidananda during one of their "silent retreats" at YogaVille East in Connecticut. Possibly the most metaphysical experience of 1973 belongs to Boston Bureau Chief Sandra Burton, who was sent through Mexico's Sonora Desert one night in search of the Yaqui medicine man Don Juan for TIME's Carlos Castaneda cover story (March 5). At one point, she recalls, she and Photographer Eddie Adams pulled their car off a deserted road for an "atmosphere" shot of a cactus silhouetted against the desert moon. Suddenly, a man appeared out of nowhere, asked for a cigarette and then vanished again into the night. The question still in Burton's mind: Was he or wasn't he?

Ralph P. Davidson

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LETTERS

Man of the Year (Contd.)

Sir / Although I admire tremendously every man and woman connected with uncovering the Watergate scandal, I would have to say that Senator Lowell P. Weicker stands out in the crowd. He is so truthful and unafraid of criticism. Therefore, I would like to nominate him as TIME's Man of the Year for 1973.

BLANCHE L. PARKER
New York City

Sir / Man of the Year? President Richard M. Nixon! The most courageous President the United States has ever had. A man whose country comes first. A man who has not been intimidated by the irresponsible news media. He is a great man, and the greatest President.

M.C. GORDON
Washington, D.C.

Sir / I would like to nominate a man who had the decency to refuse an award that he felt he did not deserve. The award was the Nobel Peace Prize, and my nomination is Le Duc Tho.

RONALD GRAY
Greenville, Texas

Sir / I nominate the incomparable evangelist, Billy Graham.

MARK WATSON
Virginia Beach, Va.

Sir / Alistair Cooke: he's kept our other eye on the grandeur and glory.

MRS. K.L. DREYER
York, Pa.

Sir / Jacques Cousteau, a beautiful human being.

MILDRED G. RADANOVICH
Los Angeles

Truckers' Blackmail?

Sir / The truckers' demonstrations [Dec. 17] are base blackmail. There are dozens of other professional groups and thousands of industrial workers who have had their income cut off entirely, instead of just reduced a bit, as a result of the energy crunch. Most have clenched their teeth, pulled in their belts, put on sweaters, and are working a little harder.

HORATIO NEWHALL JR.
South Norwalk, Conn.

Sir / The display of the Ohio state troopers moving on the trucks reminded me of films showing Adolf Hitler's storm troopers. The truckers are having to fight for their very existence.

RUTH M. GILBERT
Tucson, Ariz.

Sir / Three years ago young people blocked a few highways to demonstrate their feelings about a war. They got gassed, gagged, beaten up and locked up—and the highways reopened.

Today a group of truck drivers block a few highways to demonstrate their financial woes. They win governmental concessions—and maybe the highway reopens.

WILLIAM SHAKAL
Pocomoke City, Md.

Nixon's Taxes

Sir / Nixon is going to let Congress decide if he should pay additional back taxes [Dec. 17]. Why not prosecute him as I would be

prosecuted? The way I see it, if Congress lets him get by with this, they might just as well go home.

MRS. ROY S. KIRBY
Grantsville, W. Va.

Sir / Please do not let Mr. Nixon give us San Clemente! We cannot afford it.

MAY BRADLEY
Castro Valley, Calif.

Slap Flap

Sir / Re your article "The Great Slap Flap" [Dec. 3]: I am disgusted and angered by the press and its apparent personal feud with President Nixon. What gall TIME has to say that the White House attempt to use this story to discredit press criticism seems heavyhanded to most newsmen.

It seems to me a clear case of the press syndrome in this country, which is never to admit it is wrong or to apologize, and in this case it seems to me that the press members involved feel it is a question of whose word the people will accept—theirs or the President's—no matter what the truth is.

JOANNE B. WEST
Albuquerque

Sir / I'm so glad Nixon did not kiss that baby he was holding. It would have been reported that he bit the kid.

ISABEL CONNOR
Long Beach, Calif.

Fig Leaf and Vest

Sir / I wonder what the Supreme Court's attitude will be for pleading their case before their final court [Dec. 10]. A conservative

fig leaf, with vest if possible? At what cost do we purchase wisdom and receive such trivia?

JOHN HAMAN
Grand Canyon, Ariz.

Sir / Despite my personal aversion to dress codes, a uniform dress code for attorneys appearing before the Supreme Court might well be in order, in the interest of justice. Ancient Jewish traditions were particularly sensitive to the possibility and dangers of partiality in juridical proceedings. Thus Rabbi Ishmael said, "If before a judge two men appear for judgment, one rich and another poor, the judge should say to the rich man, 'Either dress in the same manner as he is dressed, or clothe him as you are dressed.'" (*Deut. R. Shofetim V. 6*).

If justice is to be impartial, perhaps attorneys should dress alike. How about blue jeans?

ROY BOWEN WARD
Chairman
Department of Religion
Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

Sir / Yes, I definitely think that "nine old men" wearing long black dresses should object to a woman appearing before them wearing a pantsuit. It makes perfect sense.

MILDRED KAVANAUGH
Yakima, Wash.

Streakers' Olympics

Sir / Your short piece on the streaking fad, the practice of prancing nude in public, [Dec. 10] outraged me. You gave the impression that Southern California has again found something new. Let it be known that streakers have plagued the campus police at Notre Dame for the past decade. Last year, in our first year of coeducation, some elements of the student body even sponsored a Streakers' Olympics. This place may be better known for its other sports, but streakers deserve exposure too.

JOHN E. CAREY
Notre Dame, Ind.

Sir / While I was a student at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., proper streakers were found at large only during the months of January and February, and then only if the temperature ranged between 0°F. and -30°F. Actually the term streaking derives its meaning from the fact that unless one appeared as a streak against the landscape, the Minnesota winter was triumphant and streaker became statue.

ROBERT A. HELL III
Portland, Me.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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AMERICAN NOTES

Who Do You Trust?

U.S. companies pay millions a year to star athletes, managers and assorted other sports figures to endorse products. But do American men actually buy Noxzema shaving cream because they see Quarterback Joe Namath lathering his beard with it on TV, Fruit of the Loom underwear because it is recommended by tell-it-like-it-is Sportscaster



MUSIAL READING COMICS ON RADIO



COSELL HAWKING UNDERWEAR ON TV

Howard Cosell, or Schick razors because they are approved by Olympic Swimming Star Mark Spitz?

According to Manhattan's Alan R. Nelson Research, Inc., the answer is no. In fact, the firm reports, after questioning 2,500 men on the product-pushing talents of 192 sports figures, consumers are far more likely to trust endorsements by less flamboyant personalities.

Ranked 1-2-3 in the "trustworthiness" department were Stan Musial, 53, who has not played for the St. Louis Cardinals in ten years; Mickey Mantle, 42, who last batted for the New York Yankees in 1968 and New York Mets Manager Yogi Berra, 48.

The best-known sports personalities were, in order: Retired Baseball Star Willie Mays, Namath and ex-Heavyweight Champ Muhammad Ali. But when asked which athlete's endorsements they would trust most, the men ranked Mays 31st, Namath 156th and Ali 190th. Nelson Research concluded that an athlete's potential success as an endorser depends not on his skill or fame but on his "likeability" by the public. And what the public appears to like is the quiet, comfortable, old-shoe personalities—not the abrasive or swinging types.



NAMATH PUSHING SHAVING CREAM

White House White Elephants

Even at the height of his popularity, Richard Nixon was never "big at the box office," as one New York book editor puts it. As a result, publishers have not rushed to recruit past or present White House aides for books about the President. One exception was William Morrow & Co. of Manhattan. Last February, when Nixon still rode high, Morrow signed a \$250,000 contract with William Safire for a book giving his insider's view as a speechwriter during the President's first term. Safire, the resident White House wit until he resigned to become a New York Times columnist last April, produced a 350,000-word manuscript, titled *A Hurry to Be Great*.

Now the publisher wants to drop the book and has told Safire to return an \$83,000 advance. Lawrence Hughes, president of Morrow, claimed last week that the manuscript was "editorially un-

acceptable," despite Safire's claim that Morrow editors read five chapters—and voiced no qualms—before the contract was signed. But Safire insisted that the real reason is that Nixon's popularity has faded, thus making a "balanced" book about Nixon less likely to sell. Other publishers agree with Safire's assessment of the market. "The only book that would sell well would be one that exposed Nixon as a crook," says Vice President Donald Smith of Thomas Y. Crowell. Undaunted, Safire has demanded arbitration, as provided for in his contract with Morrow. "This," he says, "is the most pernicious kind of censorship—the censorship of the gutless."

A Different Cup of Tea

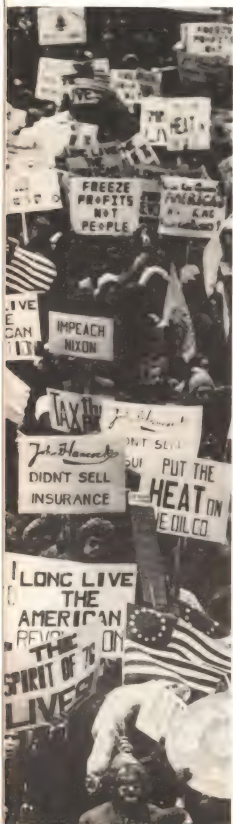
At every subway stop and elevator bank, parchment broadsides carried the message: "Citizens of Boston, be prepared to make history." They were summoned to a re-enactment of the Boston Tea Party—the opening act of America's bicentennial celebration.

Despite sleet and freezing drizzle, some 10,000 spectators watched at Griffin's Wharf while history buffs crept aboard the 97-ft. brigantine *Beaver II*, a replica of one of the three ships sacked in 1773. Like the 18th century patriots, the raiders masqueraded as Indians. They smashed wooden tea chests and threw them into the harbor.

The re-enactment was a curious blend of 18th and late 20th centuries. Because of protests by Indian groups, the raiders wore no feathers or war paint. To mollify environmentalists, most of the chests were empty so as not to pollute the harbor waters, and the crates were later retrieved.

After the tea party, hundreds of jean-clad young people, proclaiming themselves to be the "People's Bicentennial Commission," demonstrated. They carried sardonic, sometimes blunt placards that demanded the impeachment of Richard Nixon but also cried confidently that THE SPIRIT OF '76 LIVES. Some of the young people seized the *Beaver II*—with the permission of the Boston authorities—and threw empty oil drums into the harbor to protest the petroleum industry's failure to head off the fuel crisis. As a final ingredient in the Watergate-laden atmosphere, many Bostonians noted only half in jest that the site of the original tea party has now been filled in. It is occupied by the headquarters of the Sheraton hotel chain, a division of ITT, a company that has been deeply implicated in the Administration scandals.

1974: Looking to an Austere New Year



It is an American trait—perhaps the American trait—to anticipate the future with optimism, but as 1973 drew to a close much of that confidence was ebbing, drained by a series of worries that seemed to stretch ahead indefinitely. Worries about the two Big E's: the economy and energy. Worries about the Middle East, about relations with the Japanese and the Europeans, to say nothing of maintaining the shaky détente with the Russians. Worry, in the light of Watergate, about the wonderfully delicate system of American government. Can something designed in the 18th century, the century of reason, cope with the large and complex problems of today?

At a holiday party in Los Angeles, a self-styled expert was holding forth about how these problems will hang on for years. Listening to the lament, a woman in her 40s rolled her eyes to the ceiling and walked away. "One year at a time," she said. "At this rate, one year at a time is all we can handle."

Indeed, each year is becoming a job to handle: 1974 is likely to be just as explosive as 1973. The issues that have been raised this year will have to be grappled with during the next twelve months. The way that they are handled—or mishandled—will deeply affect American politics and pocketbooks.

Watergate will certainly not die down in 1974. Starting in January, three grand juries, which are considering evidence presented by Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski, are expected to issue indictments in the scandals of the milk producers' contributions to the Nixon campaign, the handling of the ITT antitrust case and the work of the White House plumbers. Egil Krogh, boss of the plumbers, has promised to tell all that he knows after he is sentenced in January—and he knows plenty. Former Cabinet Members John Mitchell and Maurice Stans are scheduled to go on trial Jan. 9 on charges stemming from \$200,000 in illegal campaign contributions by Robert Vesco, the accused swindler. And John Dean, the former White House counsel, is waiting to be sentenced.

Climax to Come. Senator Sam Ervin (see story page 13) will resume his Watergate committee hearings next month, putting on display witnesses who will testify about the Administration's role in the milk deal and the curious \$100,000 campaign contribution from Howard Hughes that Bebe Rebozo kept in that safe-deposit box.

Most important, the House Judiciary Committee will start considering the historic question of whether or not to impeach the President. To Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott, everything in 1974 will hinge on how the President finally emerges from the maelstrom of

Watergate. What is at stake is his ability—and the ability of the entire Administration—to deal effectively with all the other major issues of the year. Unless Nixon is completely cleared and regains his former clout, or is succeeded by Vice President Gerald Ford, the presidency may turn into a form of regency. Several strong men will use highly independent power: Henry Kissinger in foreign affairs, George Shultz in the economy, William Simon in energy and James Schlesinger in defense.

Gloomy Outlook. Pollsters agree that Americans are becoming more cynical about their Government and more pessimistic about their chances for a better life. Says George Gallup Jr.: "The overall attitude toward the economy is the bleakest in well over a decade." Even gloomier is Albert Sindlinger's "consumer confidence index," which is based on weekly polls of 2,200 heads of households about their attitudes toward expected income levels, job security and business conditions. Reports Sindlinger: "For the first time in 25 years a majority of the people do not have 'consumer confidence.'" During the past three weeks, the index has had its sharpest drop in history."

The energy crunch will not only squeeze the sales of cars and such businesses as motels and mountain resorts but also hit industries that use oil as a raw material. Conversely, as more Americans stay at home instead of taking to the open road, they will buy more liquor, books, television sets, swimming pools and, say some pharmaceutical executives, more birth control pills.

The high priority given to the search for energy sources may aggravate the clashes between power producers and environmentalists. But, says Gary Hart, who was George McGovern's campaign manager and is now a candidate for the U.S. Senate from Colorado: "The best way out is to work together. There will be a lot more cooperative ventures between the environmentalists and the energy developers."

Some intellectuals are worried about the basic attitudes of Americans in 1974. "I observe a sense of fright that reminds me of the early '30s," says Terry Sanford, president of Duke University. "The energy crisis and economy have added to the cynicism and alienation from the political process." Adds Futurist Peter Drucker: "The mood is ugly. The employed workingman is becoming very restive. He feels let down by politicians, intellectuals and labor leaders." After a lull in 1973, some labor problems may well arise in 1974. But the discontent is by no means limited to the workingman. Says Drucker: "Inflation leads to middle-class revolt."

Faced with this unrest, both polit-

THE NATION

ical parties will be searching desperately for new, untainted—and often untested—candidates for the November elections. Democrats conceivably could win nearly as tight control of the House of Representatives as Franklin Roosevelt enjoyed in the '30s. But the Democrats should not be too cocky; in the present atmosphere every incumbent could be a target. Voters may want to toss the rascals out simply because they were in power during scandalous 1973. More disturbing is the possibility, suggested by both Drucker and Author Alvin Toffler (*Future Shock*), that angry voters may also decide to toss some rascals in—supporting what Toffler calls "mini-demagogues," who claim to know all the cures for America's ills. On the other hand, there will be plenty of opportunity for earnest, hard-working amateurs to capture the public imagination and quickly rise high in elective office.

No Apathy. Political scandals and corruption (see TIME ESSAY) will provoke widespread cries for reform. After the revelation that President Nixon paid only \$792 in federal taxes on income of \$262,942 in one year, the people will undoubtedly pressure Congress to raise the minimum tax and tighten up on deductions. Sentiment is building for some kind of public financing of elections so that the grubbier payoffs of Watergate will not be repeated. There will also be public pressure for laws requiring politicians to put on "public stripsteases," revealing all about their finances.

One highly encouraging sign is that for all their confusion and fears the American people are still far from apathetic. Leaders of both parties echo Georgia Democratic Governor Jimmy Carter's assessment of the voters: "They are searching for some stability and for some faith in government, and they haven't seen it yet. The people have a great reservoir of willingness to sacrifice—if they feel they are being told the truth. The people want something cleansing. They want to do something to show allegiance to the country."

THE CRISIS

The President Yields to Congress

In the battle for power among the branches of Government, Watergate has clearly sapped Richard Nixon's strength as President and greatly raised the might of Congress and the courts. For months Nixon argued bitterly that the Senate Watergate committee had no right to any of his private tape recordings and documents. Last week he was forced to give ground.

At the committee's urging, Congress had passed a bill giving the courts authority to enforce the committee's subpoenas. To head off more controversy, Nixon grudgingly let the bill become law. Explained a White House aide: "Politically, he had to do it. He truly thought that it was a bad bill, but he knew a veto would be misunderstood." Within a day, the committee subpoenaed tapes of 486 White House meetings and several hundred supporting documents concerning the Watergate break-in, contributions to Nixon's re-election drive, and campaign dirty tricks.

White House Counsel J. Fred Buzhardt accepted the committee's subpoena but gave no indication whether it would be honored. An aide said that Nixon considered the subpoena "incredible." If the White House does not obey it, however, Committee Chairman Sam Ervin has vowed to ask the courts to force the Administration to comply.

Looked Tape. That could set off another court battle over presidential tapes and documents. The first drew to a close last week. After listening to the tapes, Federal Judge John J. Sirica ruled that most of two and part of a third had nothing to do with the break-in and need not be given to Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski. His office had subpoenaed them as evidence for the grand jury that will decide whether to indict more people in the Watergate case.

Sirica ruled that of the three tapes, Jaworski should receive only 1) part of a tape including the famous 18½-minute hum that recorded a meeting between Nixon and former Chief of Staff H.R. Haldeman on June 20, 1972; 2) five minutes of references to Watergate on a tape of Nixon's discussion on June 30, 1972, with former Attorney General John Mitchell about his resignation as chairman of the President's re-election committee; and 3) most of a tape of Nixon's conference with former Counsel John W. Dean on Sept. 15, 1972, the day that the original seven Watergate defendants were indicted. Dean has testified that during the meeting, Nixon congratulated him on the "good job" he had done in preventing the indictments from going higher up.

One of Nixon's arguments against surrendering the tapes was that they might be leaked, making private conversation public. Just such a leak occurred last week. A tape of a Nixon meeting with milk producers on March 23, 1971, had been subpoenaed from the White House by Attorney William Dobrovir as evidence in a civil suit challenging the Administration's increase in milk-price supports. At a cocktail party in Washington attended by six other people, Dobrovir played five minutes of the tape "just for fun."

Outraged Nixon aides suggested that Dobrovir had violated legal ethics, and two days later he was summoned to court. There he contritely conceded: "I made a very foolish mistake." Judge William B. Jones ordered all tapes and documents in the milk case to be sealed until presented in court.

As his Watergate troubles grind on, President Nixon draws more and more within himself. In an interview with Godfrey Sperling of the *Christian Science Monitor*, Republican Senator Barry

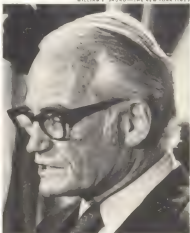


SPECIAL COUNSEL JOHN DOAR

As the Chief Executive draws more and more within himself, the public asks: "How honest is this man?"



DOMESTIC ADVISER MELVIN LAIRD



SENATOR BARRY GOLDWATER

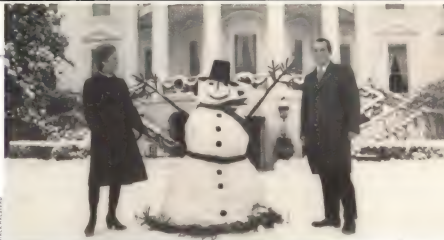
Goldwater said of Nixon: "I've never known a man to be such a loner in any field. I know that [Chief Domestic Adviser] Mel Laird quit mainly because the President won't listen to him. Bryce Harlow is reportedly quitting for the same reason." Others rumored to be quitting soon include Assistant Peter Flanagan, Economic Adviser Herbert Stein and Speechwriter Ray Price.

Target Date. Melvin Laird did a final service for the President before he resigned—to become a vice president, chief lobbyist and occasional writer for *Reader's Digest*. Laird urged the House to vote by March 15 whether or not to impeach the President. He explained: "I don't think there should be a decision to postpone that vote just to have it closer to the election." House Judiciary Committee Chairman Peter Rodino, however, has set a target date of April for winding up the committee's inquiry into impeachment.

As special counsel to head the investigation, Rodino appointed Republican John M. Doar, 52. A native of Wisconsin, he graduated in 1949 from the law school of the University of California at Berkeley. In 1960 President Eisenhower appointed him to the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division. Doar headed the division under President Johnson, then resigned in 1968 to direct an antiparty organization founded by Robert Kennedy in New York City's Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto, a job that he resigned two weeks ago. He also served in 1968 and 1969 as president of the New York City board of education. Friends characterize him as extremely competent and a "demon for work."

No matter how fast Rodino, Doar and the committee act, Nixon will still confront his basic problem. Barry Goldwater was also asked in the interview whether Watergate might impair the President's power to govern for the next three years. The Senator, who is increasingly the public conscience of conservative Republicans, replied: "I don't think it's Watergate, frankly, as much as it's just a question in people's mind of just how honest is this man? I hate to think of the old adage, 'Would you buy a used car from Dick Nixon?', but that's what people are asking round the country."

■ ■ ■
The President also retreated in another fight. In 1972 and early 1973, he impounded congressionally approved funds—conservatively estimated to total \$16 billion—as a means of slowing inflation. Critics argued that impoundment was unconstitutional; indeed, the Administration has lost most of the 30 or so suits brought by groups to free the funds. Partly because of those defeats, Nixon released about \$1 billion last week for federal health and education programs. That left impounded some \$7.5 billion in highway funds and \$6 billion for construction of sewage plants. Deputy Press Secretary Gerald Warren would only say that releasing more money "will be considered."



THE NIXONS ADMIRING JANUS, THE STAFF-MADE SNOWMAN, ON THE SOUTH LAWN

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

The White House Becomes a Home

At the end of the year around the White House, détente has a second meaning: harmony between Pat Nixon and the kitchen. Last week relations were superb. Assistant Chef Hans Raffert fashioned a two-foot-high house out of 16½ pounds of gingerbread, mortared it together with six pounds of icing, shingled it with five pounds of cookies, and decorated it with gumdrops, a pound of hard candy and a dozen peppermint canes. An embassy child stood spellbound before this creation, reached out and broke off a piece of the front and popped it in his mouth.

When snow settles on the South Lawn, foreign policy is nothing so much as our relationship with the North Pole. Last week S. Claus was loose in the corridors where diplomats and admirals usually stride on their awesome missions. Mr. Claus, otherwise known as Sandy Fox, head of the graphics and protocol office in the East Wing, has a good jolly ho, ho, ho. He carried a string of sleigh bells over his shoulder as he jingled on his prestigious errand from the East Room to the North Portico. Sandy has been the White House Santa since the Kennedy days; he has pieced together a flawless costume and has grown a real white mustache that cannot be pulled off. His tummy is the creation of his daughter Debbie, who glued together several pieces of foam rubber and sewed it all up in red cotton for the benefit of the republic.

■
About a dozen of the young ladies who really make the White House run decided that a snowman was needed to brighten the South Lawn. During their lunch hour they went outdoors and formed an assembly line. The snow would not pack, so they got buckets of water, sloshed it around, and produced a handsome fellow at least six feet tall. At first he faced down the lawn toward the Washington Monument. The girls wanted the children who were coming

for the party to see a smile, so they made another face on the back of the snowman. Julie Eisenhower got her father to unbend a bit and come out with her mother to pose for pictures.

It is an annual marvel that the White House melts so beautifully into human form at this time of year. The gears of state slow, the political combatants quiet down—ever so slightly. There is much to savor. Billy Graham preached at a Sunday morning service in the East Room ("In the midst of all this chaos and crisis comes the message of Christmas, with all of its hope, good will and cheer"), and the soaring strains of *Joy to the World* and *Mary Had a Baby* rang out from the Army chorus. The White House staff, from lawyers to clerks, came together in small warm groups to nibble Christmas cookies and sip some eggnog. Nixon showed up briefly.

This week, on Thursday and Friday nights, the staff will dim the electric lights in the public rooms of the mansion. In their place, dozens of candles will be lit. Oak fires will be kindled in the eight fireplaces, and the President and his family will open the doors and invite the public in. In the soft light one can stand for a moment and ponder where we have been and wonder where we are going.

The company is good. In the Green Room is a painting of Ben Franklin, looking wise and mellow and a little as if he had been into the plum pudding too much. In the Grand Staircase is Franklin Roosevelt, who used to read Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* to his family, modulating his voice to fit each of the characters. There is Andrew Jackson in the Blue Room, the edges of his angular face softened in the candlelight. All the other Presidents are there too, the nation's history in human terms. The procession goes on, and that is part of the message of this Christmas and the New Year.

Who Owns the President's Papers?

President Nixon's unprecedented disclosure of his personal financial records early this month has not allayed the suspicion that he has reaped unwarranted gain while in office. Last week new controversies erupted:

► Former Internal Revenue Service Commissioner Sheldon Cohen, a Democrat, said that the President apparently violated IRS rules by improperly listing his \$50,000 annual expense account as additional salary. Counted that way, and not as an expense allowance, the sum increased not only Nixon's adjusted gross income but also the size of the maximum tax deduction he could take for charitable contributions. Tax laws limit the maximum charitable deduction to a fixed percentage of adjusted gross income. In three of the four years affecting Nixon's recent tax returns, he would be allowed charitable deductions up to 50% of that income. Thus the larger Nixon's adjusted gross income, the more quickly he could claim as a deduction all the \$576,000 valuation placed on the vice-presidential papers that he donated to the National Archives. An accountant commissioned by the Washington *Post* last week estimated that from 1969 through 1972 the President saved \$13,000 in taxes (an amount equal to 17% of the \$78,651 that he actually paid).

► There was new criticism of the Government-paid improvements on Nixon's homes at Key Biscayne, Fla., and San Clemente, Calif. Last week the General Accounting Office, the congressional watchdog agency that monitors spending, charged that some of the \$1.4 million spent at the two residences increased the value of the property but did little to protect the President. GAO officials maintain that Nixon should personally have borne at least part of the nearly \$24,000 for landscape maintenance, \$19,300 for building a private railroad crossing and cabana, \$8,400 for

property surveys, \$10,600 for driveway paving and \$3,800 for a new sewer line.

Above all, politicians, tax lawyers and historians continued to question the propriety—if not the legality—of Nixon's claiming a big tax break for donating his vice-presidential papers to the National Archives. The papers had been prepared or gathered while he was on the public payroll, primarily using public facilities and the services of other federal employees. To the non-expert, Nixon's papers might seem to contain a lot of trivia. Occupying 825 cu. ft., they include 414,000 letters, 87,000 items relating to public appearances (including speech texts), 27,000 invitations (along with acceptances and refusals) and 57,000 items relating to foreign trips. Nonetheless, this material could well be valuable to historians who one day will attempt to piece together a profile of America in the 1950s.

F. Gerald Ham, president of the Society of American Archivists, insists: "I think it is a fiction that these are private papers. The very great bulk of these papers originate from one activity only—that of serving in a public capacity. I think they should be public papers." A 1969 study for the American Historical Association put the case even more strongly. The association said that the concept that a President's papers became his property after leaving office was "a lingering vestige of the attributes of monarchy, not an appropriate or compatible concept... for the head of a democratic state."

Nixon, however, has the weight of precedent on his side. Presidents since George Washington have treated documents from their days in office as their own, taking them home with them on leaving office. In the 19th century, the Government had to pay nearly \$200,000 to get back some of the papers that were in the hands of various descendants of

Washington, the two Adamses, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe.

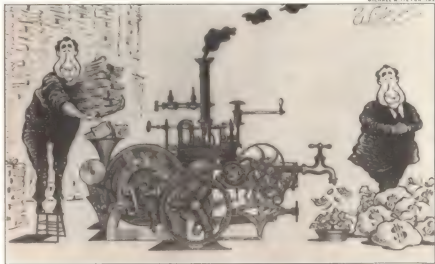
The heirs of Abraham Lincoln held his papers until his son Robert Todd Lincoln gave them to the Library of Congress, stipulating that they remain sealed until 1947—as they were. Thus there is even a precedent for the requirement that Nixon attached to the gift of his papers—that they be withheld from the public until after he leaves office. This stipulation, however, has led to criticism that Nixon is not entitled to claim a deduction for the papers until he relinquishes full control over the gift.

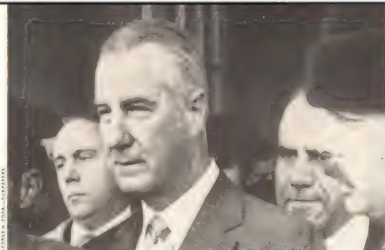
Nor is Nixon unique in affixing a price tag to his papers and taking a tax deduction. Platoons of onetime Government officials have turned over papers to historical societies and university libraries. Senator Hubert Humphrey donated more than 2,700 boxes of materials to the Minnesota Historical Society, and took tax deductions of \$199,153 for those papers dealing with his vice presidency. Former California Governor Pat Brown got a \$105,000 tax write-off for giving his papers to the University of California. Former U.S. Ambassador to India John Kenneth Galbraith gave some papers to the Kennedy Library, and took what he now feels was a "meager" deduction of \$4,500.

Some public officials have not viewed the mementos of their official days as negotiable paper. Though the record is not entirely clear, it seems that of all Presidents, only Nixon and Lyndon Johnson personally sought monetary gain from their papers. Minnesota's Governors have traditionally donated their papers to the state's historical society and have not benefited financially. Many Wisconsin officials have contributed their papers to their state's historical institutions. Adlai Stevenson gave his papers to Princeton and sought no tax advantage.

Slim Pickings. There are many officials, however, who have kept their memos, letters, speeches and other papers in their families unless given a financial incentive to part with them. Thus the rule that permitted tax deductions proved a boon for historians. But a law passed in 1969 made the historians' pickings slimmer. Congress, seeking to bar Lyndon Johnson from reaping continued tax benefits from the private papers of his political offices, abolished tax deductions for donations of papers.

The elimination of this incentive has seriously cut the flow of historical documents. Yale University Archivist Herman Kahn complains: "People are sitting on their papers in the hope that the law will be changed." Except for those donated in a spirit of patriotism or altruism, it seems, many historical documents will remain stuffed in former officials' attics and scrapbooks until those papers can again earn a tax deduction—or until a new law declares that papers produced by officials serving the public belong to the public.





FORMER VICE PRESIDENT LEAVING ANNAPOLIS COURTROOM AFTER DISBARMENT HEARING

Spiro Agnew Between Jobs

He stood before the bench, fingering some notes that he had written on an envelope, still a tall, erect, impeccably tailored figure. But his face was gaunt, and the familiar baritone, once so sternly confident and self-righteous, was surprisingly soft. Last week Spiro Agnew appeared in a hushed and packed Annapolis, Md., courtroom to fight what one of his attorneys called "professional decapitation"—disbarment.

"Do not strip me of my means of livelihood," pleaded Lawyer Agnew to the panel of three judges, his voice nearly breaking. "Do not impose upon me the ultimate sanction. I ask you instead to impose a reasonable period of suspension . . . so that at some later day I might resume my practice and attempt to bring credit upon my state and upon my profession."

The Maryland State Bar Association had voted without objection to seek Agnew's disbarment after his resignation as Vice President and his decision not to contest the Government's charges of evading federal income taxes. Attorneys for the association pointed out last week that the charge that Agnew did not deny was a felony involving "moral turpitude." Agnew should be disbarred, argued Alfred L. Scanlan, an association lawyer, "out of respect for the courts, out of respect for the legal profession, out of need to protect the public and for the administration of justice."

Friend in Need. Next week the judges are expected to make their recommendations on Agnew's fate to the Maryland Court of Appeals, which will have the final say. Agnew has good reason to sweat out the verdict: he needs money desperately. His legal expenses so far amount to at least \$200,000—and they will rise much higher if, as anticipated, the Internal Revenue Service presses him for the payment of back taxes. An "Agnew Defense Fund," started by W. Clement Stone, the Chicago millionaire, so far has collected only about \$40,000.

To get by, Agnew will need more

help than that from his friends. What friends? "Well," says one former aide, "there's Frank Sinatra." Agnew and Sinatra dined with two other people at Chicago's classy, brassy Pump Room a few weeks back (total tab: \$150), and the aging crooner is asking members of his crowd to contribute to the cause. Sinatra is also acting as agent for the book that Agnew plans to write some day, and is said to be asking \$500,000. So far, no takers.

While Agnew's future remains in doubt, he is preoccupied with his past. Most days he leaves his heavily mortgaged \$190,000 home in the Maryland suburbs and is driven in a Government-owned Lincoln by a Secret Service agent to a tan town house across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. There, with a staff of eight, he sorts the 400 cartons of his papers that cram the three floors of the narrow building and overflow into another house next door. Agnew also writes hundreds of letters—many in longhand—to supporters who have deluged him with 37,000 pieces of mail since his world collapsed.

While Agnew works, his Government limousine is at his beck, and Secret Service agents keep guard downstairs, eying visitors through bulletproof one-way glass. The fact that the former Vice President has been receiving such perquisites so angered Democratic Congressman John E. Moss that he asked the General Accounting Office to investigate. Last week Comptroller General Elmer Staats wrote Moss that in just under two months the Government had already spent \$89,132 on Agnew's staff, \$2,075 for the maintenance of the town houses, \$877 for office supplies and \$905 to move the cartons from his old office.

In addition, the cost of providing Secret Service protection for Agnew—a dozen agents accompanied him to Annapolis, and they keep watch in a parked car outside his house—is estimated at \$80,000 so far. Staats told Moss: "We know of no specific provision of law authorizing the Secret Service to so pro-

tect a Vice President after he leaves office." President Nixon had ordered the Secret Service coverage for Agnew.

The White House refused to say how long Agnew would continue to enjoy the style of living to which he has become accustomed. But Nixon's aides were talking privately of extending the coverage to six months from his resignation on Oct. 10—the same period that Hubert Humphrey was given similar privileges by Richard Nixon after losing the 1968 election.

Time has not lessened Agnew's bitterness toward the press or the Justice Department or the business cronies who squealed; he has privately complimented one businessman pal for not "breaking." One Agnew associate reports that "he thinks the leaks [to the press] were unconscionable. He thinks the prosecution was prejudiced."

This associate also recalls hearing Agnew's comment about Nixon's fight to avoid surrendering the Watergate tapes. Said Agnew: "He's doing anything that he can do to postpone the inevitable as long as possible."

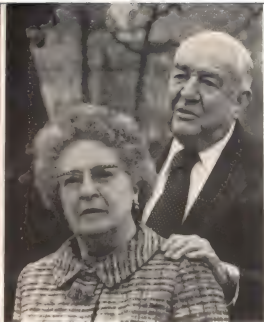
THE SENATE

A Hero Steps Down

It was not that Sam Ervin was tired, though he has been working harder than ever. Nor did he have any doubts of being able to whip the younger men who have an eye on the Senate seat that he has occupied for nearly 20 years. It was simply that at 77 he felt that he was too old to carry on. Last week he phrased his announcement that he will not stand for re-election next November in those by now familiar rolling cadences—a little of Virgil, a little of Shakespeare, a little of Sam. "Since time takes a constantly accelerating toll of those of us who live many years," he intoned, "it is simply not reasonable for me to assume that my eye will remain undimmed and my natural force stay unabated for so long a time."

Ervin had long promised his wife that he would quit, and his decision was a Christmas present for "Miss Margaret." As Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield once remarked: "Sam sticks pretty close to his wife and the Constitution. He's married to both." Ervin's love affair with the Constitution has been lifelong, ardent, unflagging—and finally required. In an hour of constitutional peril, the Senate turned to Ervin to chair the Watergate investigating committee.

The florid, folksy, courtly Southern gentleman—thought to be a vanishing breed—was suddenly resuscitated and became relevant. As one witness after another came before the committee to tell of his shabby doings, Ervin's devotion to law and liberty shone by contrast. His eyebrows dancing up and down like puppets on a string, he made his points sharply and supported them



MARGARET & SAM ERVIN
Love requited.

with apt quotations from Shakespeare and the Bible. He sympathized while he remonstrated with the errant public servants, and redemption was always possible. Ervin intended the investigation to educate the American people, and he succeeded. In turn, he became a culture hero, filling lecture halls with adoring audiences, inspiring youngsters to don T-shirts bearing his benign image.

Ervin's Senate career defies conventional analysis. He was a leader of the Southern bloc that tried to stop desegregation with everything possible—particularly filibusters. He argued vehemently against the expansion of rights for criminal suspects by the Warren Court. He was a moderate hawk who thought the generals should have their way in Viet Nam. Yet he also became the most formidable opponent of incursions on civil liberties by the Government. Says he: "The history of liberty is the history of limitations of Government power."

Fried Fish. Ervin was a forceful foe of Senator Joe McCarthy when he was indulging in his red-baiting excesses. Ervin was a principal backer of the Bail Reform Act of 1966 that allowed poor people to remain out of jail before their trials if they were reasonable risks. Over the years, he has held many little-publicized hearings looking into Government snooping and surveillance. Finally, as Watergate unfolded, it was as if his entire career were preparatory to this ultimate confrontation with a power-hungry Chief Executive. Fighting the White House on all fronts—from Executive privilege to freedom of the press—Ervin summed up his opposition to the President: "He is trading on my Constitution."

Asked what he will do when he retires, Ervin said that he would admire the sunsets back home in Morganton, N.C., and do some fishing. It is more

likely that he will continue to peruse his well-thumbed copy of the Constitution and keep a baleful eye on any people he suspects are trying to subvert it. Those are the fish that Senator Sam likes to catch—and fry.

NEW YORK

No. 2 Makes Good

"I'm free!" chortled Nelson Rockefeller as he resigned last week after 15 years as the generally exciting, expansive and expensive Governor of New York. The job passed automatically to Rocky's loyal if colorless Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson, 59. It was Wilson who initially pushed Rockefeller toward the executive mansion in 1958 when, as an influential state assemblyman, he took Rocky around to various Republican leaders and trumpeted him as the man who could unseat Democrat Averell Harriman. Now it was finally Wilson's turn to step into the limelight.

As Governor, Wilson faces some daunting tasks. He will have to live up to his promise, made during last week's inaugural, that "this is not going to be a caretaker administration." If he is to win nomination for a full four-year term as Governor, he will have to overcome his image as a perpetual No. 2 man. At the same time, Wilson will have to provide strong leadership for a state party that has been badly damaged by Watergate, by the departure of Rocky, its chief vote getter, and by the indictment of Assembly Speaker Perry Duryea Jr. on charges of vote fraud.

In the eyes of many Republican leaders, Wilson is well qualified. In 20 years in the state assembly and 15 as Lieutenant Governor, he acquired a knowledge of the state bureaucracy and local party organizations that few other New York pols can match. "Rockefeller had a fleeting idea of who all the county chairmen were," says one Wilson associate, "but Malcolm is on a first-name basis with most of the county leaders and the state committeemen, and many of the party workers." Wilson's superb party connections, combined with the generous amounts of political patronage that he can dispense as Governor, give him an inside track for the gubernatorial nomination, especially now that Duryea, his chief potential opponent, is in legal trouble. But the bland Wilson, who has had little visibility, may face an uphill struggle in the general election if opposed by a strong Democrat.

The son of a patent attorney, Wilson was born in Manhattan but has lived most of his life in suburban Yonkers. A devout Roman Catholic who attends Mass every day, he graduated from Fordham Law School. At 24, Wilson won a seat in the state assembly.

He acquired a reputation as a meticulous, sometimes plodding legislator who epitomized conservatism in both politics and private life.

Wilson may attempt to change some of the trends of the Rockefeller years, notably the fast-rising rate of state spending. Likely areas for economizing: welfare expenses, which in fiscal 1973 amounted to \$1.4 billion, and the state bureaucracy, which under Rocky doubled to more than 200,000 employees. Wilson has in the past criticized the low-tuition policies of the extensive state university system, which was built up by Rocky and stands as one of his proudest achievements. "I believe," said Wilson in an inauguration encomium to old-fashioned values, "that there is as much dignity in the labor of skilled hands as in the work of highly educated minds."

Wilson's accession frees Rockefeller to direct his new National Commission on Critical Choices for Americans. The commission's 33 members—plus seven ex officio members, including Vice President Gerald Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger—all chosen personally by Rockefeller, have met once; regular task-force meetings will begin early in 1974. The commission aims to delve into such large world questions as energy, political stability and population growth, and to make practical policy recommendations over the next two years—in time for the next presidential campaign.

Rockefeller unconvincingly denies trying to use the commission as a springboard to the presidency. Two weeks ago, the Senate Appropriations Committee shelved a White House request for a \$1,000,000 federal grant to the commission, on the ground that it is a potential vehicle for Rockefeller's political ambitions. Questions have also been raised about the \$1,000,000 gifts that Rocky and Brother Laurence each gave the commission; the gifts could be construed as violations of federal law, which now places a \$50,000 ceiling on the amount that any presidential hopeful, or his family, can spend on his candidacy.

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS



ROCKEFELLER LEAVING, WILSON ENTERING
Faithfulness rewarded.

Big Eye on the Great White Way

Clad in two sweaters, a woolen coat and a flamboyantly flowing scarf, Mrs. Mary Kearns was making her customary grand entrance on New York City's Great White Way. Dreamily murmuring about the Queen of England and other famous folks whom she had never known, she settled her diminutive form on one of the concrete flower boxes on an island in the middle of Times Square. Oblivious to the shouts and screeches of one of the world's busiest intersections, she did not notice the gang of young toughs approaching her. Then one of the gang shoved a hand into the old woman's pocket. As if from nowhere, a policeman ran up and collared the kid while his companions fled into the neon-drenched night.

The surprise rescue of Mrs. Kearns, a Times Square regular, was accomplished with the aid of a police device that some zealous civil libertarians call "Big Brother" and that Police Lieut. Ira Berg describes as the "good shepherd tending his sheep." It is a TV eye that relentlessly scans round the clock for any sign of crime. One camera sweeps the Times Square area; two other stationary cameras provide a picture of the southside of 45th Street west of Broadway, which is a big street for theaters, and a fourth is aimed at Shubert Alley paralleling Broadway.

Housed in a blue and white trailer in the middle of Times Square, a patrolman keeps his eyes on four screens for the first flicker of something going wrong. He can phone a squad car that will appear on the scene in as little as 30 seconds, or he can rush out himself to nab a thug, as Patrolman Jim Ray did in the case of Mrs. Kearns. Says Lieut. Berg: "It is as if we provide a cop at every door where the camera goes."

Likely Prey. The cameras were put in last September because the Great White Way was in danger of becoming the great dark way. Legitimate theaters and respectable restaurants have been imperiled by an invasion of porno movie houses, peep shows, sleazy eateries and a grab bag of other dubious enterprises. Understandably, this kind of low-life smorgasbord attracts some of the strangest night creatures ever to adorn a modern city. They range from nattily dressed black pimps in high heels to gaudily painted transvestites to the "Christmas-tree man," whose head, coat, shirt and pants are festooned with tinsel and trinkets. Snaking stealthily through this Brueghelian scene in search of likely prey are a host of Manhattan's pickpockets, strong-arm muggers, and flimflam artists, as well as an occasional rapist.

In an effort to fight these worms eating at the core of the Big Apple, merchants, theater owners and the New York Times, which is located just off the

square, put up \$15,000 for the TV monitors. Similar systems have been tried in other U.S. cities with varying success. If the setup works in Times Square, TV cameras may be installed in other crime-infested areas of the city.

The system will be put to a severe test on New Year's Eve, when tens of thousands of people will collect in and around Times Square to watch the lighted white ball drop from the Allied Chemical Tower at midnight. The presence of so many potential victims attracts a swarm of predators every year. For the monitoring cops, Times Square will be an action-packed late late show.

The police rely on the camera device mainly to deter crime. They advertise the fact that it is in operation, and passers-by are welcome to come into the mobile home and take a look. The men on duty will demonstrate to visitors how the system works and even go to the extent of showing the locations of the camera. Criminals have got the word. At least some of them are staying out of range of the big eye, but jittery merchants feel that it is too early to tell if the cameras will do much to clean up the neighborhood. The police admit that some crime inevitably escapes their watchful eye; there are too many shadows on the screens, especially at night. To date, the cameras have enabled them to arrest six miscreants: two pickpockets, two muggers, a flimflam player and a character who was swinging an ax at passers-by.

For the most part, the surveillance of Times Square is routine, as the cops try to keep borderline crime under control. The police log on one evening read, in part: "N/W corner 44th & B'way—camera picked up crowd and man dressed in black clothing. Upon investigation revealed minister preaching. Subject was advised of the procedure to follow in order to conduct such gathering. . . . Observed a derelict intoxicated—sleeping at island at B'way & 44th St. Disposition: Awakened subject & sent him on his way."

The system could be made more efficient, police say, by switching to color TV for a better picture, putting in zoom lenses and using video tape so that a record of a crime could be produced in court. Even in their unimproved state, the cameras have aroused the fears of the ever vigilant American Civil Liberties Union, which is hypersensitive to any possible infringement of civil liberties caused by police innovation. "Once you make a jump from a patrolman to technical

devices," says Barbara Shack, assistant director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, "you're very much on the way to 1984."

Acknowledging that there is a potential for abuse in any surveillance system, Ted Howard, senior planner of the Office of Midtown Planning and Development, suggests that crime has abridged the civil liberties of those who want to go to Times Square. "Most people I've talked to don't mind the cameras out there because they feel a little safer," says he.

Big Brother, in fact, is very brotherly and accessible. People stop by the Times Square trailer to get information or pick up maps and brochures about the city. One evening, Patrolman Ray tried to talk the ubiquitous Mrs. Kearns into going to a nice, clean place like the "Y" for a good night's sleep. She replied that she preferred to remain among her friends at Times Square. So Ray took her out a cup of coffee. "I kinda got a thing about her," he says.

OTC 880-2074



PATROLMAN MONITORING TV SCREENS AT TIMES SQUARE



POLICEMAN, ALERTED BY TV, GIVING AID

Corruption in the U.S.: Do They All Do It?

As Americans take leave of an extraordinary year, they can recall endless days when the front pages of their daily newspapers seemed to suggest that everything—and everyone—is corrupt. And the stories were not just about Watergate and all that. Like a steady drip-drip, they told of big companies caught paying bribes, of little fellows paying kickbacks, merchandise failing to support the promise of its labels, employees defrauding their bosses, physicians involved in accident-insurance swindles, 300 indictments in 20 cities in poverty-housing scandals, developers paying off zoning commissions, policemen on the take, store employees outstealing shoplifters, even a cherubic youngster caught cheating in the soap-box derby. Any day, anywhere: see your local paper for further details.

The hardened reader is privy by now to journalism's dark secret, which is that news is the extraordinary, not the ordinary.

Even so, in 1973 one all-purpose phrase was often heard, as useful to mafeactors justifying their actions as it was to cynics excusing their civic indifference. It is that *They All Do It*. But *do they all*?

The suspicion must exist, of course, that the constant emphasis on corruption is like those "crime waves" that newspapers used to discover in slack periods when no other story dominated the headlines. Any story with however tenuous a "Watergate angle" has a better chance of making the front page. In this effort, journalism may have had a collaborator in Richard Nixon. Indeed, as the notes on those 18 minutes of missing tape show, the White House's first response to Watergate was to invoke public relations to "top" the embarrassing news: "We should be on the attack—for diversion." In other words, show that *They All Do It*.

In the days when President Nixon was criticizing the morals of others rather than defending his own, he used to speculate about whether the U.S. had entered a Roman decline, what with so much permissiveness around. The argument is familiar: the church has lost its authority, parents are too soft, and every new Gallup or Harris poll shows a decline in the public's confidence in all institutions. But it is fair to ask: Were things really better when respectability was in flower and authority spoke in plummy, assured tones? Historians, whose occupational peculiarity is to find the past at least as interesting as the present, are certain to rank Watergate paramount on any list of presidential misdeeds, but that is not to say that they will regard the present as more corrupt than earlier times. In fact, less so. To think otherwise is to fail to appreciate the high savor of Boss Tweed's New York or General Grant's America.

Investigations now being pursued may yet link the Nixon Administration to more classic kinds of corruption. But the transgressions of Watergate and the Nixon palace guard turn more on amorality than immorality and are all the more pernicious for that. These were power-intoxicated, self-righteous men, sure that their purposes justified their wrongdoing, insisting that they were not themselves profiting financially, though they were in fact serving their ambitions in the process and showing themselves ready to subvert government and justice when it suited them. Corruption once wore a plainer face.

It is no longer a secret that the West was won, and railroads

flung across the continent, not just by the elimination of Indians but by the corruption of Congressmen. In earlier times, Daniel Webster was on the take from Nicholas Biddle and his second Bank of the U.S. Webster once wrote to Biddle to complain that "my retainer has not been renewed, or refreshed as usual." Biddle also distributed favors to three Vice Presidents, eminent Cabinet members and several of the country's leading editors.

To prove that *They All Used To Do It* may unsettle those who believe in the natural goodness and perfectibility of man, but does no violence to that other enduring strain in religious belief that accepts man's essential depravity and starts from there. The constitutional forefathers, who lived before public relations counselors were invented, thought in such clear-sighted fashion. Their theory of checks and balances rested on the premise that "ambition must be made to counter ambition" because, as one

of *The Federalist* papers puts it: "It may be a reflection on human nature that such devices should be necessary to control the abuses of government. But what is government itself but the greatest of all reflections on human nature? If men were angels, no government would be necessary."

The pragmatic wisdom of the American system is that whenever standards of behavior are set too high, the law itself—as happened with Prohibition—is deemed at fault: enforcement becomes silly or scandalous; the law is hypocritically evaded, then widely disobeyed and finally repealed. Are standards of corruption also unrealistic? Should the shenanigans involving money and politics be acknowledged to be as American as frozen reconstituted orange juice? Such is the logic in *They All Do It*. The conclusion need not, however, be nearly as lugubrious as that.

Washington, D.C., is a place where expensive lawyers and lobbyists of powerful interests hover around, befriend, intimidate and influence legislators and bureaucrats whose standard of living is generally lower than theirs. Lobbyists no longer waste long, smoke-filled evenings laboring to be consistent and heavy losers in card games with politicians. The better-tailored lawyers and lobbyists around Washington are those who can influence Government decisions by access, by persuasion, argument or help, so that no one cries corruption. Congressmen need money and votes to get re-elected; campaign contributions can create an obligation without being illegal. Offering or withholding the support of large interest groups in American society can be a powerful influence on a legislator's behavior.

Real bribes are clumsier and rarer, in the present atmosphere, Congressmen even think twice about accepting a ride home in the private plane of a friendly defense contractor. The limit one federal tax collector used to go in accepting favors was a 12-lb. ham. Former Senator Paul Douglas, an incorruptible man, made a \$2.50 present his ceiling, which nowadays would not keep a man in good cigars. But Douglas remembered that if one asked a corrupt policeman where things went wrong, he would say "It all began with a cigar." Then a bottle of whisky; after that a case; then something for "the little woman," which by gradual stages led to the \$9,500 "natural royal pastel mink coat" that figured so prominently in the corruption of the last days of the Truman Administration. Those days made a fa-



NEW YORK'S BOSS TWEED

miliar name of T. Lamar Caudle, the folksy bribe-taking head of the tax division in the Justice Department.

In the two decades since, the bureaucrats in the Justice Department and the Internal Revenue Service have been singularly free of such scandal. Where the federal income tax raises hackles is in the loopholes and exemptions written into the law to enable the rich and the favored to avoid high taxes. Tax collection is less criticized. The IRS collected an astonishing \$238 billion in taxes in fiscal 1973, and Donald C. Alexander, its commissioner, believes that only about \$6 billion in legally taxable money got away. Such faithful "voluntary self-assessment" is sometimes cited as evidence of American moral superiority over Latin nations, where income taxes are negotiated or avoided. In this case, however, prudence more than honesty may be the American virtue to be esteemed. By fiscal 1974, computers will be able to match up tax returns instantly with W-2 forms, and by 1975 with all interest and dividend payments.

The elusive boundary between what is ethically dubious and patently illegal troubles moralists. That problem surfaced in the heartfelt remarks that Oregon's Freshman Republican Senator Robert Packwood made to the President at a White House meeting: "For too long this Administration has given the public the impression that its standard of conduct was not that it must be above suspicion but that it must merely be above criminal guilt." The milk producers' \$527,500 contribution was followed by a Government reversal of policy, permitting milk-price supports to be raised. Not all contributions led to happy and immediate consequences. Quids do not have to have direct quos in a day when increased federal power has such discretionary say over business—over price rises, tariffs, tax investigations, antitrust prosecutions. Government loans, rate structures, contracts, subsidies, allocations of raw materials, licenses. Every major corporation has matters pending with Government, and many (who preferred Nixon to McGovern anyway) got the message that the Nixon Administration could be selective in rewarding friends and punishing enemies.

Harvard Law Professor James Vorenberg, who was one of Archibald Cox's top lieutenants, believes that "in a sense the corruption at the top reflects too great a trust on the part of the people in the leaders they place in power." It is generally agreed that farther down the ladder the public has less trust in those who run the statehouses, city halls and police stations, and with good reason. William Saxbe, the Attorney General-designate, thinks things are better than they used to be, and remembers Ohio in the Depression, when people had "to pay to get on relief or a job on the streets." In those days, when Government employees were less well paid, it could be argued, as Ben Franklin once had, that "it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright." But Paul Douglas believed that "men will not be saved from temptation merely by being paid more money. Desire always outruns income."

Just how many ways there are to be corrupt is evidenced in the \$1,750,000 study issued last month by the National Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals, which may be one of John Mitchell's few lasting contributions to law-and-order. The commission, headed by Governor Russell W. Peterson of Delaware, poses 74 questions to the citizen about his own city and state government, and suggests that yes answers argue "the presence of corruption or an atmosphere conducive to corruption." Some of the questions:

"Do well-qualified companies refuse to do business with the city or state? Are municipal contracts let to a narrow group of

firms? Is competitive bidding required? Do turnpike or port authorities or governmental departments operate with almost total autonomy? Are kickbacks and reciprocity regarded by the business community as just another cost of doing business? Are court fines regarded as a source of revenue for the municipality? Are records of disciplinary action against government employees closed to inspection? Do business establishments give certain public employees free meals, passes, discounts and the like?"

The 74 questions read like a reader's guide to misconduct. The commission, after dutifully noting that "most people in public service are honest," seems more aware that "corruption results in a staggering cost to the American taxpayer" and has wider effects, such as spreading a lawless cynicism among street criminals (from a passage about the failure of prisons to rehabilitate men: "A sense of injustice is endemic among prisoners, and it stems in large measure from the inmates' belief that they are the unlucky victims of a hypocritical system that tolerates lawlessness among its officials but makes scapegoats of less well-placed offenders"). It cites estimates that about 15% of the money spent for state and local election campaigns—some \$20 million—comes from the underworld. Engineering firms holding high-

way construction contracts, holders of state liquor licenses and race-track officials have traditionally been generous campaign contributors. Beyond that are the kind of direct payoffs that Spiro Agnew thought had become offensive to ordinary citizens only in "the new post-Watergate political morality."

All of this makes dispiriting reading, except that the commission believes that much can be done. It favors more laws like Florida's "Who gave it, who got it?" legislation to get campaign contributions on the record. It recommends a code of ethics to states, counties and cities and urges that boards be set up to enforce the code. All elected officials should be required to file a financial disclosure statement, listing "all assets legally and constructively owned," "all debts in excess of \$1,000 and to whom owed," and "if a partner in a law firm, a list of all clients whose annual fees exceed \$2,000 or comprise 5% or more of the firm's annual business." Such disclosure "must be mandatory, periodic and accessible to the public."

Political scientists who keep an eye on such things are convinced not that there is more corruption around but that there is now more concern about it. If so, all that bad news on the front pages is in a way good news: not just proof of the wickedness in man, but of the capacity of society to respond to it. Perhaps the defense is at last catching up to the offense. The age of data banks and Xerox machines and tapes leaves many more telltale spools: the Justice Department's budget has tripled since Nixon took office; 2,000 employees have been added to the FBI payroll; strike forces against organized crime are finding a happy hunting ground in Brooklyn, Newark, Boston, Chicago and New Orleans; U.S. attorneys are making new use of immunity pledges to get lesser lawbreakers to inform on bigger ones. Lawyers report that accused politicians have become nervous about trial juries. Being an investigator or a fearless prosecutor now seems as sure a route to becoming a household word as to be chosen Vice President of the U.S. This would seem to be one of those times similar to England in 1876, when Gladstone believed: "Good ends can rarely be attained in politics without passion, and there is now, for the first time for a good many years, a righteous passion." The message is not the despairing They All Do It, but the fighting cry that too many do.

■ Thomas Griffith



"You've got a great future in the corporate world, kid!"

The Painful Change to Thinking Small



Not many love affairs have maintained as high a level of passion over decades as the romance between Americans and their huge, gleaming cars. Like all long affairs, it has had its ups and downs, even periods of disenchantment, but it has always held together. More than any other purchased object, more even than other complex machines, the family car historically has been a symbol of status, power and freedom. For many citizens, few other experiences could match the exhilaration of rolling down the highway at 65 m.p.h.; fewer still could top the pride of telling the family that the latest raise would permit the purchase of a still bigger car, with air conditioning. With a car, one could live anywhere, work anywhere, travel anywhere and not have to bother about commuters' tickets or timetables. The car was something to plunge into debt for, boastfully display to friends and neighbors, anxiously take for a checkup whenever it began to cough.

To some, the affair might seem a bit ridiculous, but it was strong enough to survive many storms. Social critics might, and regularly did, damn the high-powered car as a strangler of cities, fowler of the air and catalyst of a blighted landscape of junkyards, filling stations and hotdog stands. Foreigners might tempt with siren songs of durability and economy, and lure no small number of Americans into dalliance with a Volkswagen or Toyota. Even the average driver in the last decade or so might grumble at his beloved during a traffic jam or on the day that the insurance premium came due; he might actually feel a bit ashamed when comparing notes with a sports-car fanatic. But he always—or nearly always—remained loyal to that sleek machine in the showroom.

Second Look. Lately, though, there have been multiplying signs that the long American romance with the big car may finally be ending. It has always been an expensive affair and even before the energy crisis, many drivers had concluded that the cost—in initial price, depreciation, repair bills—could no longer be borne. Over the past few years, unprecedented numbers of Americans have been buying smaller, cheaper autos. Now the energy crisis has focused on the U.S. car, which consumes 28% of the nation's petroleum; gasoline shortages are forcing multitudes more to take a second look at their prized possession, not as status symbol or love object but purely as a means of transportation. What they are seeing is a two-ton, eighty-cylinder behemoth built for an age when 50-m.p.h. speed limits, gasless Sundays

and talk of rationing would have seemed like blasphemies. The result is that even more motorists are turning to smaller vehicles that can get them through the oil squeeze—at the likely cost of wrenching readjustments in the auto industry, the U.S. economy and the way that citizens move, live and think.

Those readjustments come closer with every week. Last week Federal Energy Czar William Simon asked gas stations to limit sales to ten gallons per customer per visit, and announced that he would make that an order once he receives legislative authority. For the moment, drivers are free to visit a string of gas stations, buying ten gallons at each one—if they can find enough open. But Simon also asked motorists to try to get along all week on ten gallons, a quantity barely sufficient to propel the average standard-size car 110 miles through urban traffic.

Cold Consolation. That amounts to a call for voluntary rationing, and it could be at least a temporary substitute for formal, coupon-type rationing. Simon promises to announce a decision on outright rationing by New Year's; the strong indications now are that it will be no. Some energy bureaucrats say that voluntary conservation measures are expected to save 2.7 million bbl. of oil per day in the first quarter of 1974, and that U.S. imports of oil are running 700,000 bbl. per day higher than expected, indicating some leaks in the Arab oil embargo. Thus the gap between oil supply and demand in the next three months may be much less than the 3.3 million bbl. per day originally feared.

That, however, is cold consolation for motorists; whether rationing is voluntary or mandatory, the nation will still have to cut back sharply on the 6.7 million bbl. of gasoline that its 117 million cars, trucks and buses swallow each day. Even if the Arab embargo were lifted altogether and U.S. refineries could get all the crude oil they need, they lack the capacity to turn out enough gas to keep consumption rising at its normal voracious rate. Simon already has asked refineries to cut gasoline production next year 5% below 1972 levels—or 15% below expected demand—in order to free more capacity for output of heating oil. The reductions may force some gasoline stations to limit each sale to even less than Simon's ten gallons.

As it gets scarcer, gasoline is bound to become still more expensive. By Nov. 30, the national average price of gasoline at the pump, including taxes, had already leaped to about 43¢ per gal., from 37¢ in January. Last week the Cost

of Living Council permitted a boost in U.S. crude oil prices that will add another 2.3¢ per gal. on both gasoline and heating oil. Arab and other producing nations are now huddling to decide on further boosts in the foreign oil price, following hikes of 70% or so imposed at the beginning of the boycott, and Washington is still talking of raising taxes in order to discourage gasoline use. About the lowest figure at which economists predict that the pump price of gasoline is likely to settle is 60¢; other guesses range up to 80¢, \$1 and higher.

Heavy Loser. That climate of scarcity and skyrocketing gasoline prices is ominous news for what auto executives like to call the "full-size" auto. For years, the family car has been moving away from economy; the typical 1974 General Motors passenger sedan (Chevrolet Impala, Oldsmobile 88 or 98, the average Buick) gets only about 10.5 miles to a gallon of gasoline in city driving, down from 13.7 m.p.g. in 1968, a performance not too different from industry averages (see chart page 22). The main reason has been added weight and luxury. The average full-size U.S.-made sedan now weighs more than 4,000 lbs., up 22% since 1965 and more than half a ton heavier than its European or Japanese equivalent.

Actually, people probably are more worried about not being able to get gasoline than about what they might have to pay for it. Fuel is not a car owner's biggest expense; depreciation is. Still, if prices hit 60¢ a gal., then a motorist who drives 15,000 miles a year in a car that gets 10 miles to the gallon would pay \$900 annually for fuel; if he were to trade in that car for a subcompact that gets 20 m.p.g., his gas bill would be halved. The \$450 difference could influence at least some more new-car buyers to opt for smaller autos.

Auto executives argue with justification that they have had to reduce gas mileage to comply with federal safety and antipollution standards. Modifications to auto engines since 1970 to meet the requirements of the Environmental Protection Agency have indeed cost an average of 3 m.p.g. But added luxury features have been equally important. Air conditioning, which now goes into 73% of all cars, drains off as much as 2.5 m.p.g.; power steering, put into 88% of U.S. autos, can cost another 0.7 m.p.g. The combination of these features and antipollution equipment has been more than enough to cancel any improvements in engine efficiency.

Detroit insists that it has been adding the high-profit accessories to meet public demand—and that has indeed been true for some time. But the energy crisis is radically altering the popular mood. Politicians, ever sensitive to public attitudes, have recently been falling all over one another to swap their long

limousines for more modest cars: Delaware Governor Russell W. Peterson is exchanging his chauffeur-driven limousine for a chauffeur-driven Ford Pinto. Some legislators have gone so far as to attempt direct action against the big car. Early this month, the Senate voted to require that by 1984 all U.S. automakers increase fuel economy by an average of 50% or more over 1974 models—a move that would surely force a drastic reduction in size and weight unless some radically more economical engine is developed. A number of other bills before Congress would clamp excise taxes on new cars on the basis of weight or horsepower.

Whether any of these proposals will ever become law is uncertain, but American drivers scarcely need to be ordered

those of some competing U.S. small cars. Sales of new Cadillacs and other luxury cars have held strong, presumably because their buyers do not worry about fuel costs, but prices on used-car lots are dropping.

For dealers caught with large inventories of gas guzzlers, the abrupt change in the market has produced some bad moments. TIME Correspondent David DeVoss, who recently spent two days at Los Angeles' Cal Worthington Dodge, one of the largest Dodge dealerships in the nation, found the atmosphere reminiscent of halftime in the locker room of a losing football team. Of the 1,200 vehicles sitting on Worthington's nine-acre lot, only nine were compact Colts; the rest included gasoline-thirsty Monacos, Barracudas, Chargers and Furies.

BOSTON GLOBE



SUNDAY AT STURBRIDGE, NORMALLY BUSIEST EXIT ON MASSACHUSETTS TURNPIKE
If gas stays scarce, some highways may never be built.

to think twice about their bigger cars. In a trend that dismayed Detroit, they had already begun doing so even before the energy crisis struck. In the 1973 model year, compact and subcompact cars captured 41.5% of the domestic new-car market, up from 38% the year before and 32% in 1970—before the first Vegas, Pintos and Colts appeared. Last month, sales of smaller autos, which frequently get around 20 m.p.g., were up 10% over the same period in 1972, while sales of standard-size cars (roughly, anything larger than a Dodge Dart and smaller than a Cadillac) fell 25%. That trend continued in the first ten days of December. Foreign cars, many of which are as small as U.S. subcompacts and get equally good gas mileage, have captured 15% of the American market and held that share despite dollar devaluations that have raised their price above

At a Saturday-morning sales meeting, salesmen disconsolately kicked the floor or coughed nervously as the owner delivered a classic pep talk.

"Men," shouted Worthington, "you all know what we're up against! A subcompact gets 20 m.p.g. against 10 m.p.g. for a standard-size car, but we got to convince 'em that a standard's just as good. Throw some figures at 'em. Tell them that they're three times as likely to be injured in an accident if they're driving a subcompact.* Wait a little bit, and then say that with big-car prices down so much, they'd be foolish to sit cramped up in a small car ready to die... Men, go out there and sell those big cars!" The fiery speech did about as much good as halftime pep talks usually do; despite free Green Stamps, and cut-price kits

*True, according to a study by the New York State Department of Motor Vehicles.



CAMPING OUT IN NEW ENGLAND



FRONT-SEAT ROMANCE AT HARVARD (1963)



allowing customers to convert their cars to burn propane gas, Worthington's Dodge Boys sold only ten cars that day v. forty on a normal Saturday.

Many automakers hope, of course, that the current move toward small size and fuel economy is a passing fancy. "People like big cars," says GM Chairman Richard Gerstenberg. "The bulk of the people who buy a car want comfort and convenience, and they are willing to pay for it." The history of the U.S. consumer lends that view considerable merit—but a continuing energy crisis could change the taste of many buyers who might otherwise prefer a larger car. The automakers are acting as if that might happen: they are converting to small-car production as fast as they can. GM last week temporarily closed 16 big-car assembly plants and laid off 137,000 workers, meanwhile it is expanding production of subcompact Vegas by 40% in the 1974 model year. Chrysler Corp. is temporarily closing three of its big-car factories next month, and converting one from production of standard-size Plymouth Furys and Dodge Monacos to compact Valiants and Darts. American Motors, the smallest of the carmakers, has been prepared for the change all along: it has concentrated on production of little Hornets and Gremlins. AMC sales are running 27% ahead of last year, and executives say that only a shortage of parts prevents them from pushing sales gains still higher.

First Ripple. Even those auto executives wedded to the idea of luxury are learning to think small. At Ford Motor Co., Vice President Lee Iacocca scored a personal triumph in 1965 with the Mustang, a car that was 181.6 in. long and weighed 2,567 lbs. Over the years, the Mustang gained 12 in. and 653 lbs. For the 1974 model year, Iacocca, now Ford Motor president, is placing the company's bets heavily on the Mustang II, a car about the size of his original Mustang and listing at \$2,895. Luxury features make it difficult to find an actual Mustang that sells for much under \$4,000, but even with the extras the car is supposed to deliver 20 m.p.g. Iacocca asserts that the Mustang II is the first ripple in the wave of the future: the "luxury small car."

In the suburban research campuses that ring Detroit, auto engineers are

working overtime on designs for even smaller models. Next year, American Motors will probably bring out a new mini-car that may be smaller than any existing U.S.-made auto, get more than 30 m.p.g. and carry a sticker price of about \$2,000. Even Cadillac is working on a Mercedes-size luxury car that would get better gas mileage than any of the division's existing models.

Most such changes take considerable time. The gap between clay model and assembly line can be as long as three years. The earliest that any design change made this week could turn up on the showroom floor is 1976; a completely new car could not appear until 1978 or 1979. Meanwhile there is a considerable difference of opinion about where the auto industry is headed. "I think there will be further growth of the smaller car, but I can't see it taking over the market," says GM Chairman Gerstenberg. "We think that in the next three or four years, small cars' share of the market will go up to a little beyond 50%." However, some Wall Street automotive analysts guess that the figure may rise to as much as 60% or 70%.

Whoever is right, small cars are inherently less profitable than the big jobs, largely because they take about as many high-cost man-hours of work to produce but return a smaller selling price.

That means that even if automakers next year equal this year's record 11.2 million assemblies, total revenues and profits will be lower. If, as many outside analysts expect, the total drops to about 10 million cars, the reduction could be sharp. In anticipation of that drop, Wall Streeters have bid down the prices of car companies' stocks. General Motors shares this month have sold at an eleven-year low of less than \$45, down from a 1973 high of almost \$85.

Seventh Worker. Lower auto output and smaller cars would mean reduced sales and fewer jobs in a host of other industries. Automakers consume 8% of the aluminum made in the U.S., 16% of the steel, 29% of the tin, 36% of the glass, 41% of the malleable iron and 73% of the rubber. One out of every seven workers in the country is employed in the manufacture, sale or maintenance of autos, or in thousands of auto-dependent businesses, from motor oil to mo-

Detroit's Most Difficult Deadline

The energy crisis is not the only problem perplexing Detroit. Auto executives have been at least as worried about a pollution deadline: by late 1975, say the Clean Air Amendments of 1970, all cars must be virtually pollution free.

In an effort to comply, GM has spent \$1 billion so far on pollution control, and Ford has put 6,500 people to work on the project. But all the money and brainpower have not completely succeeded. Under the law, emissions of two noxious gases in auto exhaust—carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons—must be cut by 90% of 1970 levels in 1976-model cars. Techniques to do that, however, lead to an increase in a third pollutant, nitrogen oxides. The law says that, in 1977-model cars, they must be cut 90% below the level in the 1971s. Most auto engineers feel that they cannot meet that second deadline.

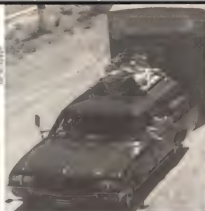
Last week Detroit got some extra

time; Congress approved a measure that extended both deadlines by one year and authorized the administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency to delay it for another year if he deems it necessary to do so. The automakers can use the grace period. They have already gone about as far toward cleaning up their cars as they can, without introducing costly new technology. GM, for example, reports that it has reduced emissions of hydrocarbons by 80%, carbon monoxide by 70% and nitrogen oxides by 40% since 1967. Such progress, gained by making adjustments on the standard Detroit engines, has been bought at the expense of fuel economy and auto performance: most new cars are hard to start, balk when rapidly accelerated and cough for minutes after the ignition has been turned off.

The next step is to add a new device to 1975-model cars that will be sold in



EATING ON THE ROAD



FAMILY CAR PULLING U-HAUL TRAILER



SUPERMARKET SHOPPING IN MIAMI

tels. More than a tenth of the gross national product is spent by individuals to purchase, fuel, maintain, park, clean or insure autos or to build roads for them.

The changes in popular thought and action that the auto has brought are harder to measure but even more profound than the impact of the industry on the economy. When Charles and Frank Duryea rigged a one-cylinder gasoline engine on a \$70 secondhand carriage in 1893, the car began life as a simple means of getting from Point A to Point B. Right from the start there were warnings of trouble. In 1895, when there were only four gasoline-powered vehicles in the country, two of them managed to collide in St. Louis, injuring both drivers. That crash was the ancestor of the traffic accidents that today take 60,000 American lives a year (a rate that seems to be dropping with the advent of gasless Sundays, one of the good effects of the energy crisis).

Yet almost from the beginning the car seized the popular imagination as a symbol of speed, power and luxury. In 1908, the year that Henry Ford launched the auto age in earnest by rolling out

the first Model T, Kenneth Grahame in *The Wind in the Willows* was already describing the auto frenzy. Toad, bowled over by a car whose horn went "Poop-poop," picks himself up and soliloquizes: "All those wasted years that lie behind me. I never knew, never even dreamt! But now—but now that I know, now that I fully realize! O, what a flowery track lies spread before me, henceforth! What dust-clouds shall spring up behind me as I speed on my reckless way..." At intervals thereafter, Toad takes to murmuring "Poop-poop."

A few years later, the whole country began going "Poop-poop." Auto production in the U.S. soared from 124,000 in 1909 to 1,500,000 in 1916, and by 1925 there were 17 million cars on the road. Those were golden years for the motorcar, with as many as 150 companies turning out a rich proliferation of broughams, phaetons, roadsters and touring cars. The number of manufacturers dwindled to just four in the 1960s, but the number of cars multiplied; under the pressure to look newer, more luxurious and more comfortable every fall, they began turning into what Writer

John Keats was later to describe as the "insolent chariots." Bodies grew longer and lower, headlights doubled, sculptured trunk decks sprouted monstrous tail fins. Bucket seats were re-imported from Europe, steering wheels were redesigned to keep from impaling drivers in crashes—and gas mileage dropped.

Eventually, says Cultural Historian James Flink, "the auto replaced the frontier as the shaping force for all our American institutions and values." People gained unprecedented geographic and social mobility; the Okies, for example, could not have left the Dust Bowl for the promised land of California in the 1930s without their jalopies. Suburbs sprawled into formerly unreachable open land as the newly mobile middle class fled the cities, leaving behind a huddle of poor. A whole drive-in economy of motels, movie theaters, groceries, banks and hamburger stands sprang up. From the bank to the courthouse, every institution was radically changed. Autos today account for 30% of all consumer debt, and auto-related cases—traffic offenses, civil damage suits, drunken driving raps and the like—constitute an estimated 57% of the cases clogging U.S. courts.

Escape Route. For generations of young people, getting a driver's license has become a rite of passage into adulthood—and an escape route from the clutches of family and community. Today, millions of drivers have become emotionally and physically so dependent on driving that getting unhooked will be super-painful. Don Kelley, a 33-year-old show business agent in Los Angeles, on one recent day spent three of his nine working hours driving his Cadillac 232 miles—from home to office and then to a booking agency, to an airport to pick up a rock band, to their hotel to drop them off, to a barbecue-beef stand for lunch, to a record-company headquarters, to a recording studio, and finally to a cocktail party. Tooling home after all that, Kelley mused: "I guess I could do more business on the phone, but I'm in a business that is too phone-oriented already. It's the people who make the personal contacts who are the ones remembered. Car pools leave me cold. If I have to ride in one I will, but I'll keep a small car at the office."

For many Americans, doing without

California and wherever else the automakers wish. According to GM, this "catalytic converter" will improve gas mileage by up to 13% and make cars perform as well as in the good old days. Shaped like a muffler and attached to the exhaust system, it will also convert hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide into water vapor and other harmless compounds.*

The converter, however, raises some new and very sticky difficulties of its own. Most important is the fact that it cannot be used with leaded gasoline, since even a trace of lead would foul the device beyond repair. As a result, the EPA has ordered the oil industry to make lead-free gasoline available at all major gas stations by next summer. Another problem is that the converter emits minute amounts of yet another pollutant—a fine mist of sulfuric acid. One solution might be for refineries to

*Detroit says another system, still being developed, would cope with the nitrogen oxides

reduce the amount of sulfur in gasoline.

Oilmen are hardly pleased. Along with Chrysler President John Riccardo, they have long advocated postponing federal deadlines until the automakers could come up with a modified engine that would meet clean-air requirements without the catalytic converter—or unleaded gas. Congress, however, saw fit to ignore that argument last week. The result, oilmen warn, will be increases in crude oil consumption because producing lead-free gasoline actually uses more oil than making gasoline with lead additives.

At first glance, that might appear to be the last thing the U.S. should do during the energy crisis. But, say GM and the EPA, the loss of oil in producing unleaded gas will be more than balanced by the improved gas mileage that cars with converters will get. While the debate rages, precious time is slipping by. Detroit has an extra year to cleanse auto exhaust completely, but the job looks as difficult as ever.

ENERGY

a car—or even using it less—would mean economic hardship. Tony Garner, a 32-year-old manufacturers' representative in Martin's Landing, Ga., put some 32,000 miles in business and recreational driving on his 1973 Corvette Sting Ray, which gets about 11 m.p.g. His family lives three miles from the nearest bus stop and five miles from the nearest grocery store, so relying on public transportation would be difficult. Tony's customers are spread all over the state, and he fears that gasoline rationing would cut his annual income in half. "I'd have to get a Volkswagen to save my job," he says. "I'd stay out longer on each trip instead of coming home at night. And we'd have to give up some luxuries, like the kids' dance lessons."

No Drive, No Eat. Like many a suburban mother, Sue Fisher, who lives near Miami, pushes her Ford LTD station wagon about 400 miles a week—delivering her three children to school, picking them up again, visiting a bank, post office, supermarket and the home of her ailing mother. That's on weekdays; on Saturdays she chauffeurs her two sons to an art class at the University of Miami, takes one to a weekly orthodontist appointment and drives her daughter to dancing lessons. "I'm trying to conserve energy by saving trips," says Mrs. Fisher, "but the fuel shortage is going to affect us drastically." Ellen Jackson, an

Oakton, Va., housewife, sees no alternative to the car. "It's two miles to the nearest store," she says, "and there is no public transportation of any kind. If I don't drive, my family doesn't eat."

Whole communities are utterly dependent on the auto. Wall, S. Dak., a town of 800, boasts four ultra-modern motels, three new gas stations, a bevy of post-card stands, a famous drug-store that does more than \$1,000,000 worth of business annually and the highest per capita ownership of backyard swimming pools in the state—all because it happens to be handy to the interstate highway that vacationers travel to the Badlands, the Black Hills and Mount Rushmore. Now a local construction firm has postponed building a \$300,000, 46-unit motel, and Herb Pantke, 63-year-old attendant at one of the gas stations, has become the first person in town to lose his job because of the energy crisis; the station had to close up this month because it could find no gas to sell. Wall residents are beginning to worry and wonder whether their community will go the way of nearby Quinn, which was a twin hamlet in the 1950s but has turned into a virtual ghost town because it is well removed from the highway.

Not all Americans will be driving less. In the Los Angeles area, where cars outnumber people two-to-one, there is virtually no alternative to the private auto, and any rationing scheme should take that dependence into account. Millions of Americans will gladly pay top dollar for gasoline, as long as they can still get it. Western Europe has proved that even \$1-a-gal. gasoline need not curtail car sales so long as the cars are small and economical enough. The number of cars owned by each 1,000 Italians multiplied from 18 in 1955 to 188 in 1970. In the U.S., once the initial shock of the gasoline shortage is over and Detroit has completed its conversion to smaller cars (there will always be a limited market for larger cars), motorists may well drive as many miles as the one trillion they logged in 1972, while still significantly reducing total gasoline consumption.

But Americans will obviously have to make much greater changes in their car buying and using habits. The gasoline-short future is exceptionally difficult to read, partly because Detroit has only begun to prepare for it, but some forecasts seem safe enough:

► Multiple-car ownership could spread beyond the one-third of American families that already own two or more vehicles, but the pattern will be different. "The more variety you have in



HENRY FORD WITH MODEL T (c. 1920)
The nation said "Poop-poop."

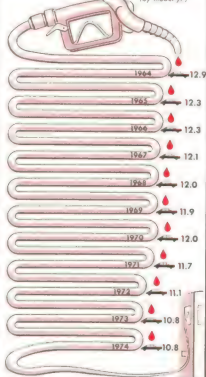
small cars, the more people who have one car will want two," says GM's Gerstenberg. A small, unostentatious car will be the workhorse for commuting and shopping. The second vehicle could be any of a number of special-purpose types, depending on family habits and interests: a camper for vacations, a pickup truck for light hauling, a sports car for pleasure driving—perhaps even a large sedan for limited use. Some families may own a small car and rent a large one whenever they have to travel somewhere together. Joseph M. Pepek, a dentist in Westfield, Mass., may represent the two-car future: last month he traded his big Buick Electra Limited for a smaller Buick Century and a tiny Japanese-made Subaru. "I use the Subaru to go to work," he says, "and the Buick for going to church or stepping out on Saturday night—you know, ceremonial occasions."

► Car pooling will have to increase, despite massive psychological resistance to it. Many drivers cherish their hour of splendid isolation in the car as about the only time all day that they are alone to think out plans, muse philosophically or scream out their frustrations free from embarrassment. But the one-occupant-per-car habit is simply too expensive to be continued. Already, radio station WTOP in Washington broadcasts ads for car-pool organizers. The Federal Government, on William Simon's orders, is assigning parking space in lots on the basis of the number of car occupants rather than their rank—the more passengers, the choicer the location. Car pooling will not sweep the country overnight. At least 56% of all cars on the road every day carry only one occupant. But even a minor reduction in their number would produce considerable energy savings.

► The inexorable advance of highways into the countryside will slow, and

Average Miles per Gallon

for cars weighing 3,850-4,250 lbs.*
(by model yr.)



*Including full gas tank and two passengers

Source: Environmental Protection Agency

Time Chart by W. Hoffman

A wealth of great taste, but stingy on the calories.

The Kellogg's® Special K® Breakfast is rich in great tastes, with everything from sip to crunch. Yet, it's stingy on the calories. It has less than 240 calories. It's 99% fat-free. And, best of all, it's 100% delicious. Some nice figures from the Special K Breakfast.

The image shows a breakfast spread on a red patterned tablecloth. In the foreground is a white bowl filled with Special K cereal. To the left is a white cup of black coffee on a saucer. Behind the bowl is a glass of red tomato juice. In the background is a white pitcher and a metal milk dispenser. To the right is a box of Kellogg's Special K High-Protein cereal, which features a large red 'K' logo and an image of the cereal in a bowl. The box also mentions 'FIBERED WITH 8 essential vitamins and minerals'.

The Special K Breakfast

- 4 oz. tomato (or orange) juice
- 1½ cups (1 oz.) Special K high-protein cereal
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 4 oz. skim milk
- Black coffee or tea (less than 240 calories)

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*Alive
with pleasure!*



After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. 73.

cars may even be banned in some places. The Highway Trust Fund, which has disbursed some \$58 billion over the past two decades, was tapped by Congress for mass transit money this year for the first time. If gasoline remains scarce, states that depend on fuel taxes to fund local highway construction may end up with less money than projected; some planned highways may never be built. The Environmental Protection Agency has proposed banning cars from certain downtown business districts by 1977; many city dwellers, including not a few local businessmen, are in favor of the idea. "You are not going to control this nation in the form of a police state where you have to have a passport to cross the state line," says AMC Chairman Roy Chapin. "But there definitely will be restrictions on passenger-vehicle access to certain areas of major cities. That's something I think is both feasible and proper."

Public transportation will experience a revival, but perhaps not in the form that many people expect. Most discussion has focused on improving mass transit, such as subways and commuter rail lines. Auto executives argue that that is only a small part of the answer; the public-transportation future, in their view, belongs to the bus. "Where the hell is a better transit system for a city of 200,000 than a first-class bus system?" asks GM's Gerstenberg. The car manufacturers' self-interest is obvious—they are the big busmakers—but they have some convincing statistics. The auto has brought about such a gigantic demographic dispersion that only rubber wheels can effectively tie a metropolitan area together.

The popular picture of the commuter is of a man wending his way daily from bedroom suburb to city office. But in the ten largest metropolitan areas outside New York City, only 18% of the daily traffic moves that way; fully half of the commuters travel from suburban home to suburban job. (About 25% both live and work in the city, and 7% reverse-commute from the city to the suburbs.) As many suburbanites know, that pattern has produced traffic snarls, at intersections dozens of miles outside the core city, that rival anything encountered on downtown streets. Says Ford Motor Chairman Henry Ford II: "Subways are fine for getting downtown and back, but most people don't travel downtown and back any more. They travel all over the place. And you can't build subways all over the place."

Buses cannot roam all over the place either, but they can reach many more points than a rail system can, and Detroit is now moving to upgrade bus transportation. GM, the nation's largest maker of city buses, is spending \$32 million redesigning theirs to provide more comfortable seats, a smoother suspension, wider doors and better visibility for both driver and passengers. Chrysler and American Motors both have Government contracts to develop new buses

One possibility is computer-controlled, driverless buses running along expressway lanes reserved exclusively for them. Another is "dial-a-bus" systems. These would employ small vehicles that would run frequently along fixed routes but have no set stopping points; a passenger would simply dial a central office and the next bus would stop at his corner to pick him up. Of course, the best answer to urban transportation problems will be a mix of buses and rail-based systems.

Some other changes, technical and sociological, can at least be imagined for the small-car, gasoline-short future. The car of the next decade may be more tubular-shaped to reduce wind drag, a prime factor in fuel economy, and come equipped with fuel-injection, which measures out the right amount of fuel

where they can get away from auto dependence. Suburban sprawl could be correspondingly contained. At minimum, businesses would have to plan factory and office locations differently; no longer could a company plop a plant or office complex in an area without public transportation, blithely confident that a work force would roll up to its doors in a fleet of cars.

Where does all that leave the classic, distinctively American, roomy, powerful, glittering family car? In a state of suspended animation. No one can yet write its obituary: millions still roam the roads, and millions more will roll off assembly lines this year, even though they have become harder to sell. A resurgence cannot be ruled out either. City planners, traffic experts, sociologists and environmentalists may rejoice in the big



DODGE DEALER CAL WORTHINGTON IN HIS LOT FULL OF BIG CARS. A mood reminiscent of halftime in a losing team's locker room.

needed for more complete combustion. Smoother-rolling radial tires could become universal. Cars may be made almost entirely of plastic to cut body weight—though not if the oil shortage continues to reduce the supply of petrochemical feedstocks from which plastics are made. Autos will almost surely be shorter in front and rear and roomier inside. They will probably be more expensive but possibly built to last longer; annual model changes are already becoming less pronounced, and the public is likely to be more impressed with quality construction than frequent cosmetic restyling. Says AMC's Chapin: "I think we're headed toward smaller, more efficient automobiles, including cars that perform specific functions better. By that, I'm thinking of cars particularly suited to our urban life, more resistant to the abuses that a car gets in traffic and parking."

Socially, there could be a movement of middle-class whites back to the city,

but surely the majority of drivers who are turning away from it are doing so more in sorrow than in anger, and would gladly turn back if costs permitted.

The prospects for such a renaissance do not seem strong, though, economists generally are agreed that the era of readily abundant fuel has ended for good. More likely, the heavy car will linger as a limited-purpose, special-use auto, but not again become the basic American vehicle. If so, many drivers will feel the emptiness that always accompanies the final breakup of a lingering love affair. It is possible to delight in the economy and maneuverability of small cars; it is even possible to grow fond of them. It is harder to regard them as badges of wealth or symbols of potency. The big car was part of the American Dream—not the most intelligent or admirable part, perhaps, but certainly a central one—and not much is in sight to replace it in that role.



SCENE OF EXPLOSION THAT KILLED SPANISH PRESIDENT CARRERO BLANCO IN FRONT OF MADRID'S SAN FRANCISCO DE BORJA CHURCH

THE WORLD

SPAIN

Murder of the Alter Ego

A man of precise habits, Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco had followed an almost unvarying schedule long before his inauguration last June as Spain's President and Prime Minister. Every morning about 9, his Dodge Dart would park in front of Madrid's San Francisco de Borja Church, only 300 yds. from his home, and Carrero Blanco, 70, would enter the church for Mass. Approximately 45 minutes later, he would leave for his office in the Paseo de la Castellana. In the seething Spain of 1973 such predictability is not always a virtue. Carrero Blanco last week fell victim to a bomb carefully timed to his departure from Mass. He was the first head of government in Western Europe to be killed since 1934, when Austria's Engelbert Dollfuss was shot in Vienna.

Carrero Blanco's assassins constructed an elaborate scheme. Posing as sculptors, two men rented a basement room near San Francisco de Borja eight weeks ago and tunneled to a place where the President's car passed every morning. When Carrero Blanco drove by the spot after Mass, the assassins detonated a massive explosive charge, possibly an antitank mine. The explosion was powerful enough not only to kill Carrero Blanco, his chauffeur and bodyguard but to blast a 35-ft. hole in the street and blow parts of the car over the top of the five-story church and onto a balcony on the other side. It also sent reverberations the length and breadth of Spain.

Generalissimo Francisco Franco,

81, immediately called the Cabinet into emergency session to consider countermeasures and appoint an interim President, Torcuato Fernandez-Miranda, the head of Spain's only legal party, the National Movement. Although the country remained calm, some arrests were reported, and police patrolled neighborhoods they suspected of harboring dissidents.

Carrero Blanco's assassination came as a severe shock to Franco, who for years had counted on him as his right-hand man. The Generalissimo had expected the dour admiral to keep Spain on a rightward course when he himself died and to make certain that his successor as chief of state, Prince Juan Carlos, did not fall prey to liberal ideas. But Carrero Blanco's rigid orthodoxy had made the possibility of violence as predictable as his timetable.

Ten Leftists. After 34 years of rule by *El Caudillo* (the leader), Spain is rife with discontent and disaffection. In the past year Franco's regime has been assailed by dissident priests, workers, students and members of the Basque minority. Only minutes after the assassination, in fact, a trial was scheduled to begin in Madrid of ten leftists who were accused of fomenting strikes.

Perhaps the most feared of all the dissenting groups is the ETA (Basque Nation and Freedom), a dedicated clan of about 600 Basque extremists. Since their military leader, Euzkadi Mendizabal, was killed in a shootout with police last

April, the Basques had been silent. Earlier this month, however, they burst into action again, invading an exclusive yacht club near Bilbao. While gunmen forced 100 diners to lie on the floor, other Basques set fire to the building, a symbol of a moneyed, privileged class favored by the Franco regime. Other more minor incidents, like the blowing up of cars, occurred in the following days, and there were reports—probably unfounded—that the Basques were receiving advice and training from the Irish Republican Army. Political observers believed that the ETA was responsible for Carrero Blanco's death; no other group, they said, had the ability to execute such an intricate plot.

But there are other enemies of the Franco regime. Working-class areas throughout Spain have become increasingly restive in recent months, and an inflation rate of as much as 15% a year has made the economic resurgence of the '60s and early '70s less impressive for many Spaniards. Early in November, a group of coal miners in the province of Asturias in northwest Spain went on strike to demand better working conditions and shorter hours. Before long, 7,750 Asturias miners were refusing to go down in the mines.

Even the Roman Catholic Church, long a bulwark of the government, has begun to show discontent. Only this month six priests who had been arrested for various political offenses finally agreed to end a 16-day hunger strike in the Zamora Prison after their bishops had intervened with Franco. Many younger priests and bishops are now more in sympathy with the workers than with the government. The censored press, which has generally downplayed

the unrest, felt called upon to note the fact that the Guardia Civil had discovered eight dynamite cartridges and "a mass of subversive literature" at a convent in Vallaro.

By comparison with the other groups confronting the increasingly hardened Franco, the academic community seemed relatively tame. Police, however, clashed with students on at least seven occasions during the past year at Madrid University, and the authorities carried on a running battle with some professors. "I got into trouble merely for trying to teach some comparative law, that is, to compare the philosophical foundations of the Spanish system with those of other countries," said an eminent socialist lawyer who was fired from Madrid University. "The fact that I concluded in favor of the Spanish system apparently did not convince the authorities."

Total Loyalty. To all of the protest, Carrero Blanco had only one answer: to either ignore it altogether or break it with force. "Politics for me consists of total loyalty to *El Caudillo*," he proudly proclaimed. "My loyalty to his person and to his work is total, without a shadow of any personal conditions or a trace of mental reservation." When he took over the reins of day-to-day government six months ago—Franco himself retains ultimate authority—Carrero Blanco quickly replaced those officials he thought were liberal, or even slightly forward looking, with ironclad conservatives. "Carrero Blanco never had an original idea in his life," said one Spanish politician last week. "Unless one defines as original the decision to be the unquestioning strong right arm of General Franco."

Carrero Blanco's path was clearly on a collision course with the new reality of an industrialized, modernized Spain. Even as police searched for his assassins and the country braced itself for a counterattack from militant rightists, it was clear that the aging Franco had only two choices—to liberalize his regime or face the threat of having his country racked by more violence.

PRESIDENT CARRERO BLANCO



OPENING SESSION OF GENEVA PEACE TALKS, WITH EMPTY SYRIAN SEATS IN FOREGROUND

MIDDLE EAST

Beginning the Search for Peace

After four wars and 25 years of hostility, Israel and its Arab neighbors gathered in Geneva last week to search together for a path to peace. It was the first time foreign ministers of the warring countries had ever sat down face to face—and they promptly got into a squabble that delayed for 45 minutes the opening of their conference at the United Nations' Palais des Nations. The problem was the seating arrangements. Israel had expected the positioning of the six participants to be alphabetical, which meant that its logical place would be between Egypt and Jordan. Instead, after seven tables were drawn up in a circle in the muralled Council Chamber of the palace, Israel found itself seated between Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim and the empty seats reserved for the boycotting Syrians. Perhaps symbolically, however, the controversy was quickly settled by putting the Russian delegation next to Israel. That picaresque beginning to the historic conference solved, the meeting proceeded smoothly to opening speeches that for the most part eloquently expressed the world's hope for peace.

U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger quoted an Arabic expression—"illi fai mai" (the past is dead)—and recommended that negotiators be guided by it during the days of difficult bargaining ahead. Said Kissinger: "The great tragedies of history occur not when right confronts wrong, but when two rights face each other. We are challenged by emotions so deeply felt that the tragic march from cataclysm to cataclysm sometimes seems preordained

Yet our presence here today is a symbol of rejection of this fatalistic view."

In their speeches during the initial two-day meeting, the hostile neighbors for the most part swallowed their bitterness and demonstrated an equal zeal for Kissinger's call to "overcome old myths with new hope." One reason for the rhetorical moderation was that there was a dreadful prospect staring at the conferees. If they failed to achieve peace, as Egypt's Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy pointed out, "the chances of repeating such a historical gathering will be very remote indeed."

Kissinger, in the week leading to Geneva, continued a whirlwind Middle East search for conciliation that left even his Arab hosts breathless. From conferences in Cairo with President Anwar Sadat, Kissinger flew on to Saudi Arabia for his second meeting in five weeks with King Feisal on the question of Arab oil for the U.S. From there his blue and white jet flew on to Damascus for the first visit in two decades of a U.S. Secretary of State to Syria. Kissinger had a cordial meeting with President Hafez Assad, but their conversations ended in a diplomatic impasse. Assad refused to join Jordan and Egypt in a united front of Arab combatants at the talks until Israel promised to return occupied land.

Middle Sinai. In Israel, Kissinger passed on to Premier Golda Meir the assertion by Assad that the Israeli P.O.W.s held by Syria (estimated in Jerusalem as 102 men) were being well treated. The Israelis were reassured by Kissinger that the U.S. will not force

THE WORLD

them to relinquish captured territory. Kissinger did, however, get across the message that it would be helpful if they were willing to negotiate the point. Israel also understood that it has veto power over any other delegations to be seated at the conference table. Thus the Israelis can oppose recognition of a separate Palestinian delegation led by Fedayeen Leader Yasser Arafat, unless it is part of the Jordanian contingent. The Israelis object to Arafat because they accuse him of guiding terrorists like those who carried out last week's attack in Rome (see following story).

Despite Kissinger's reassurances, the Israelis seemed doubtful that the Geneva meeting would accomplish anything substantive. They indicated that they were willing to pull back their forces from both banks of the Suez to the Mitla and Gidi passes in middle Sinai. In return, as Transportation Minister Shimon Peres said, "We want some

guarantee that territorial concessions will bring about policy changes." One change that Israel will demand is full recognition by the Arabs. Israelis and the Arabs both are convinced, however, that a full peace agreement cannot be reached until the emotional issues of Jerusalem and the status of the Palestinians are settled. That is not likely to occur soon. Thus pessimistic Israeli negotiators anticipate that after disengagement is achieved the Middle East will return to a shaky state of "no war, no peace," with the armies in the Sinai out of range of one another but with nothing else resolved.

Egypt has an optimistic view of coming events. TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn was told by Cairo officials that Sadat expects major agreements to come out of the talks. The Egyptians say they are willing to have demilitarized zones set up in the Sinai with buffers manned by U.N. forces between the opposing ar-

mies. Egypt also is prepared to grant Israel full use of the Suez Canal once it is dredged and reopened. The Egyptians also made a remarkable but unsubstantiated claim that the U.S. had committed itself to the defense of Israel during the October war. Said a high Egyptian official: "As to security, the Israelis already have a guarantee. Kissinger has made us understand that, if our armies had started to cross the frontier into Israel, the U.S. would have used force to stop us. It seems to me that's enough guarantee for Israel, and frankly, that's all right with us."

Arriving in Geneva last week for the conference, Egyptian Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy expressed the hope of many of the conferees when he said that "the world rightly expects the conference will not lose time in producing tangible results." He was certainly right, but how much of the hope will be realized and how soon remained to be seen.



PAN AMERICAN'S FLIGHT 110 AN HOUR AFTER IT WAS ATTACKED BY ARAB TERRORISTS AT ROME AIRPORT

TERRORISM

Death in Rome Aboard Flight 110

In the departure lounge of Rome's Leonardo da Vinci Airport, Robert Suit, 60, travel editor of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, was waiting with friends to board a plane for New York when they saw a commotion farther down the concourse. "Must be some movie star," one of them remarked. After some nuns hurried past them, another quipped, "No, maybe it's the Pope." "Then some girls ran by," Suit recalled, "and they were yelling, 'It's a bomb, a bomb—everybody out!' We saw the bank slam down its window and heard some pops, which sounded like firecrackers. That's when we said, 'My God, it must be serious!'"

In fact, what the hundreds of unsuspecting travelers heard was the sound of gunfire. The fusillade signaled the start of a guerrilla attack in Rome last week that turned into the bloodiest rampage in the surreal five-year history of Arab skyjack terrorism. Before it ended 30 hours later—in the sand beyond a runway of the airport in Kuwait—31

people had been killed in Rome and one more in Athens.

The terrorists, who later identified themselves as Palestinian guerrillas, first struck at the Rome airport's security checkpoint during the early afternoon rush hour. "I was heading toward the security check, and up front I saw a tall, well-dressed young man," a British stewardess recalled. "As he approached the guards, he put his hand in his pocket and took out a pistol." Instantly, his companions—perhaps as many as seven—opened their overnight bags, took out submachine guns and began to spray gunfire in every direction.

Too Late. The gunmen then ran out onto the flight field. One group of the terrorists headed toward Pan American's Flight 110, which was preparing to depart for Beirut and Teheran with 59 passengers and ten crew members on board. At the first sign of trouble, Captain Andrew Erbeck told the passengers to crouch on the floor. Before he could order the 707's doors closed, a clean-shav-



ATTACK ON LUFTHANSA JET
A mad odyssey began.

en young man in a white sweater ran to the foot of the steps, a canister in his outstretched hand. "They're coming with grenades!" First Officer Robert Davison shouted. "Get the people out of here!" It was too late.

Flight Engineer Kenneth Pfirng was knocked to the galley floor by the first grenade. "I got hit by the concussion," he said later, "and I thought, 'Why aren't I dead?' Then I realized it was some sort of incendiary device and



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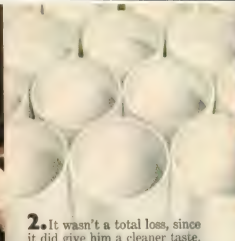
Go see it in person. Sit in it. Drive it. If you're in the market for a new car, especially an intermediate-sized new car, this could very well be the one for you—no matter how many doors you're looking for.

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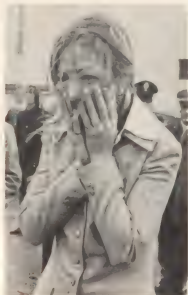
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HORROR-STRIKEN PAN AM STEWARDESS
It was too late.

smoke was pouring out of the canister." Within seconds, there were more flashes as two phosphorus grenades went off inside the forward section. Two other grenades were thrown into the rear; suddenly the entire plane was filled with roiling black smoke.

Stewardess Lari Hamel was knocked to the floor in the first-class aisle and four or five bodies fell on top of her; she managed to crawl to a wing exit and escape. In the rear of the plane, one passenger saw a guerrilla appear, gun in hand, and stop passengers from escaping out the rear ramp.

"It was a miracle that so many people did get out," said First Officer Davison. "The whole thing took no more than 90 seconds." Added Flight Engineer Pfrang: "I flew C-123s in Viet Nam, but I've never experienced anything that happened so fast or in which you were so helpless."

Grisly Bluff. Somehow, 40 passengers and crewmen managed to escape, mainly through emergency exits over the wings. Many suffered burns, including one passenger who died later. But 29 more were trapped inside, including all eleven passengers in the first-class section. Among the dead: four Moroccan officials, 14 relatives of employees of the Arabian-American Oil Co. who were flying to Saudi Arabia for Christmas, and Mrs. Bonnie Erbeck, wife of the plane's captain, who often accompanied her husband on his trips.

From the Pan Am plane, the terrorists ran down the tarmac to a West German Lufthansa 737 jet that had already been commandeered by the second group of guerrillas. On board, besides the pilot and three other Lufthansa crew members, were ten hostages who had been rounded up in the terminal and outside on the tarmac. An Italian

customs guard had resisted the terrorists and been shot dead outside the Lufthansa jet. At 1:32 p.m., only 41 minutes after the first shot had been fired, the plane took off with the crew, hostages and five guerrillas aboard; other terrorists may have stayed behind.

The terrorists first flew to Greece to demand the release of two Palestinians who were in prison there awaiting trial for their role in an attack at the Athens airport last August in which four people had been killed. As soon as the 737 landed at Athens, the skyjackers announced to Greek authorities that they had already murdered four of their hostages. Unless their demands were met, they said, they would take off again and crash the plane into the heart of Athens. They had actually murdered one hostage and wounded another, but the rest of their boast turned out to be a grisly bluff: they harmed none of the others, and had no intention of killing themselves. After 16 hours on the ground in Athens, the plane took off again.

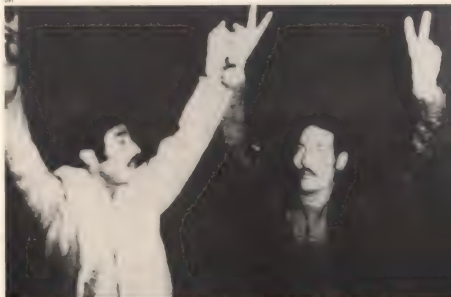
Both Lebanon and Cyprus refused to allow the jetliner to land, and the terrorists finally ordered it to put down at Damascus. Syrian Air Force Commander Major General Naji Jamil tried to talk the skyjackers into releasing their hostages "for humanitarian reasons and for the sake of Arab patriotism." When the guerrillas refused, the Syrians refused the plane, provided food and treated an injured terrorist for a head wound.

A little more than three hours later, the "mad odyssey," as one Arab commentator described it, ended in the Persian Gulf emirate of Kuwait. Again airport authorities refused landing permission. Under threat from the terrorists, Captain Joe Kroese brought in his plane anyway on a secondary runway. After an hour of haggling between the terror-

ists and Kuwaiti officials over conditions of surrender, the twelve hostages and crewmen quietly walked down the ramp, followed a short time later by their captors. "We are Palestinian Arabs, not criminals," declared one of them. "The criminals are the ones who bomb Palestinian refugee camps in Lebanon."

Dirty Action. Whatever faction of Black September or other Palestinian extremist group had committed the atrocities at Rome and Athens, it could hardly have anticipated the wave of shock and anger that erupted from Arab capitals. Even leaders of the major Palestinian commando organizations chimed in; one branded the killings a "dirty action." Many leaders were distressed that the attack damaged the image of the Arabs at a time when their cause was gaining international sympathy. As Cairo's influential *Al-Ahram* noted, it was difficult "to imagine any benefit from an operation that makes the people of Europe feel that they, not the Israeli aggressor, have to bear the consequences of injustices suffered by the Palestinians."

In the past Kuwait, like other Arab states, has been reluctant to punish Palestinian guerrillas. This time Kuwait may find it impolitic to be so generous. When the Moroccan government, which lost four high officials in the Rome massacre, asked the Kuwaitis to treat the prisoners "without pity or mercy," the Kuwait government promised to inflict "severe punishment." By week's end it announced that it might be willing to turn the murderers over to the Palestine Liberation Organization for "trial"—thereby letting Kuwait off the hook. But if the angry mood of moderate guerrillas was any indication, the terrorists may be in for more than they expected from their fellow commandos.



TWO OF THE FIVE TERRORISTS SURRENDERING IN KUWAIT AFTER RELEASING HOSTAGES
This time Kuwait may find it impolitic to be so generous.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Assessing a Murderous Cease-Fire

Almost a year has passed since the Paris agreement brought an end to the U.S. fighting role in South Viet Nam, and last week the chief architects of the accord met again to review the current state of their handiwork. Taking time off from his frantic efforts to find peace in the Middle East, U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger stopped by in Paris to confer with his partner in this year's Nobel Peace Prize, North Vietnamese Politburo Member Le Duc Tho. Later, a U.S. spokesman said that the 4½-hour meeting at the Hotel Majestic had been "good-humored" and that the two men had agreed to keep the "channel of communication" between them open. The paucity of detail was doubtless a reflection of the fact that the cease-fire in South Viet Nam is not working according to plan.

The latest serious violation involved U.S. Captain Richard Rees, 32, leader of a team searching for American dead around a village twelve miles southwest of Saigon. When Rees jumped from his helicopter on landing, a volley of B-40 rockets and machine-gun fire suddenly ripped into one of the team's three craft, setting it afire. Rees raised his hands in surrender, but he was promptly shot dead by the Viet Cong.

*Tho, however, turned down the prize while Kissinger accepted it *in absentia*.

CAPTAIN RICHARD REES



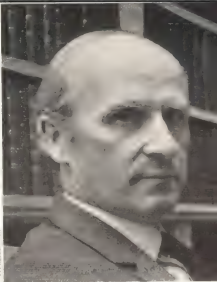
The U.S. delegation to the Joint Military Commission was properly outraged. In the most bitter denunciation of the Communist side since the cease-fire, the chief U.S. delegate, Colonel William Tombaugh, flung Rees' blood-stained jacket onto the conference table at the next JMC meeting. "The treachery of your act lays bare your utter disregard for human life," he told the Communist delegates and then stormed out of the meeting. A day later, the Viet Cong coolly disclaimed responsibility for Rees' death, insisting that they had never agreed to his search mission.

South Viet Nam's chief complaint is that cease-fire violations are continuing at the rate of as many as 150 a day. The Saigon command charges that 11,724 South Vietnamese soldiers and 1,991 civilians have been killed since the cease-fire, but claims that South Vietnamese forces have responded by killing 41,825 North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops.

The Communists, on the other hand, claim that the major political provisions of the agreement have not been carried out. The essential problem is that the Saigon government does not recognize what the agreement accepted in principle: that two distinct political entities exist in South Viet Nam. As a result, the delineation of territory—into Saigon-controlled and Viet Cong-controlled areas—has never taken place. Nor has South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu agreed to a political process that would lead to the establishment of a National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord, as called for by the agreement, and pave the way for national elections in which the Viet Cong could participate.

In Touch. Faced with such an impasse, Kissinger and Tho could do little in their meeting last week but reaffirm their support of the Paris agreement and promise to keep in touch. "No amount of official hand wringing on the Avenue Kleber," remarked a Western diplomat in Saigon, "can affect Hanoi's attempt to hold and aggrandize, and Saigon's attempt to prove that that hold doesn't exist."

The big question is what the North Vietnamese really have in mind. They now have at least 170,000 troops in South Viet Nam—about 35,000 more than at the time of the cease-fire—as well as 600 tanks and tracked vehicles. But most U.S. observers in Saigon doubt that a major offensive is in the offing—at least not now. The Communists are still busy strengthening their position in the South and in the border areas near Laos and Cambodia. Further, in the current mood of détente, they might have trouble getting the enthusiastic support of China and the Soviet Union for a renewal of hostilities at the present time.



ANTHONY BARBER

BRITAIN

Muddling Through

The British government last week invoked additional emergency measures to deal with what Prime Minister Edward Heath called the "gravest crisis since World War II." Burdened by fuel shortages, widespread labor strife and an unprecedented trade deficit expected to reach \$3.5 billion this year, Chancellor of the Exchequer Anthony Barber announced a \$3 billion slash in government spending. It was the largest budget slash in British history and signaled the end of Heath's go-go plan for economic prosperity.

The biggest deduction will come from the capital spending of nationalized industries (\$600 million). The other major cuts include roads and transport (\$490 million), defense (\$395 million), health services (\$277 million) and education (\$240 million). The new budget clearly spelled the end of Heath's hopes for 3.5% economic growth next year; at best there will be no growth. Beyond that, Barber unveiled restrictions on installment buying of everything from refrigerators to automobiles. Consumers now will be required to pay one-third down and the rest within 24 months. Barber also imposed additional taxes on rental properties and ordered Britons earning over \$17,500 to pay a surtax amounting to about a 1% raise in taxes.

Critics complained that the measures hardly met the dimensions of the crisis as sketched by Heath only the week before. At that time he decreed a three-day work week throughout the country, starting the first of the year; the measure could lead to massive unemployment. He also ordered power cuts of up to 40%, including measures like halting television shows after 10:30 p.m. After Barber announced the budget cuts, the London Times advised him to find another job. "What nobody want-

ed was a budget which did only half the job," said the *Times*. "That unfortunately is the budget we have been given." Like the opposition Labor Party, which had advocated strict inflationary measures, food subsidies and rent and mortgage controls, the newspaper denounced the budget cuts as too little too late.

Increasingly, Britons began to question whether there really was a severe crisis—or if Heath might be playing some kind of brinkmanship with recalcitrant unions. In his budget message, Barber followed Heath's lead and heaped blame for most of the country's woes on the miners who are demanding a 33% increase in minimum wages. Astonishingly, he barely mentioned any of Britain's other problems or ways to deal with them, like the country's monumental trade deficit or its out-of-control inflation rate (10% this year).

Even some conservative members of Heath's own party were critical. Declared Geoffrey Stewart-Smith, a Tory M.P.: "This bonehead government has driven the union moderates into the militant camp. It now will cost much more to get the miners back to work." Underestimated David Crouch, also a Conservative M.P.: "I don't believe that this

confrontation [with the miners] is desirable."

Crouch, like a growing number of other observers, fears that the Prime Minister's militant attitude could touch off class strife in Britain's stratified society. Britons have generally sympathized with the miners' plight, but there is growing resentment against them over the coal shortage that they have caused by their month-long work slowdown.

Letter Bombs. Joe Gormley, president of the National Union of Mineworkers, said in an interview with *TIME* Correspondent William McWhirter last week: "The working man is becoming more and more aware that he is not getting his just share of the wealth he's producing. I think that's bound to happen in a country that has become better and better educated. Are we being so demanding?"

It is possible, of course, that Heath may have politics as well as economics on his mind: he could be maneuvering to back the miners down by exaggerating their role in the crisis; at the same time he could be trying to boost his public support by avoiding unpopular measures like an across-the-board raise in income taxes. Thus if the miners fail to come to terms, Heath still

has one last option: he could call new elections and seek a vote of confidence.

Meanwhile, Britons were muddling through as usual. Office workers battled lowered thermostats by taking extra sweaters to work. Some homeowners and shopkeepers did their bit to conserve energy by substituting candles for electric lights. Bishop William Milne installed a "dial a prayer" service in Worcester for people worried about the national emergency.

As if the economic crisis were not enough, London was hit last week by a new series of letter and car bombings. The first incident occurred when Brigadier Michael O'Cook, 54, an aide-de-camp to Queen Elizabeth, opened a parcel at his London home and had part of his thumb blown off. Next day a bomb planted in a car near Westminster exploded shortly before 9 a.m., injuring 54 people. Police attributed the bombings to an apparent last-ditch effort by the Provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army to sabotage installation Jan. 1 of Northern Ireland's new coalition government of moderate Protestants and Catholics.

DAVID WATSON/PICTORIAL PARADE

The Angry Nottingham Miners

In the neatly kept frame houses of Nottingham, one room only is bright at night, and the Christmas trees standing in the windows are unlit. Still, no one there complains about the fuel shortage, for it was in the coal fields of Nottingham that the miners' November revolt began, precipitating Britain's present crisis.

Much of the country blames the miners for the dimmed lights and three-day work week. Some shops and businesses in the Midlands are even threatening to refuse service to the miners and their families. The miners, however, are solid in their fight. "We're not stupid any more," says Marie Noton, whose husband has been in the pits for 23 years. "We see where a few people are making big profits and we're tired of it. A lot of people are getting a lot of money because they have a lot of money. We've been bamboozled as long as we've been down in the pits."

The general feeling is that the work is degrading—and that the pay should make up for it. Base pay for journeyman miners now is \$92 a week, about what a London secretary makes. They are asking for \$112.50. "Forty thousand miners in Britain have black lung," Bill Ball, a miner for 33 years, told *TIME*'s Skip Gates. "We work on our knees, dig on our knees, and shovel on our knees for an entire shift in a space 2 ft. 9 in. tall. If we have to relieve ourselves, we

do it right on the spot. It's dark when we go down into the pits, and it's dark when we come out. That's why we should be at least equally paid with the best in this country." A colleague adds: "Wherever you go down there, it's dust—you can't breathe for the dust—and you're walking most of the time up to your knees in water."

Each of the 30 pits around Nottingham has its own club, cricket fields and schools. After they finish for the day, the miners usually stand around the bar at their own pubs. Though the refusal to work overtime has cost the miners \$25 to \$37.50 a week, they seem ready to stick it out. "We're a close-knit community," says Terry McGuire, a huge Scot who has been in the mines since World War II. "If somebody did need some assistance, he wouldn't ask the government. We'll take care of our own."

Edward Heath's Conservative government is disliked by the miners. Says Joe Wheelan, an officer at the National Union of Mineworkers in Mansfield, a mining town near Nottingham: "Heath has love and a kiss on the cheek for the oil sheiks, but he has a slap in the face for the British miner." Adds a miner's wife: "Brother Heath's making it seem that if the miners lift their ban, then petrol rationing will be unnecessary. I just can't believe that. We're being used as scapegoats. The only thing he hasn't blamed us for is the Arab-Israeli war."



DEFIANT COAL MINER

Though the miners cannot be blamed for the war, it could not have come at a better time to help their cause. Not only has the oil shortage made coal an almost precious commodity, but the example of rising oil prices is one the miners feel they can use. If the Arabs can get more money, why then cannot the British mineworkers? "If coal is needed to this degree," says Terry McGuire, "then it's just the law of necessity, of supply and demand. We want a reasonable living wage, and we can hold out forever. The government doesn't realize it, but this is another country."



DEPOSITORS TAKING MONEY FROM TOYOKAWA CREDIT BANK

In Tokyo, the Party Is Over

Japan is entering the New Year in a kind of frenzied euphoria, a mixture of Scotch, sake and dread. The party is almost over, the Japanese seem to be saying, so why not enjoy it while it lasts? TIME Tokyo Correspondent S. Chang reports.

With its night still pierced by nearly all of its famous neon jungles, Tokyo is something of a dragon's palace. It is an outlandish monument to nonchalance in the face of a fuel shortage and economic repercussions that will hurt Japan far more than the U.S., and even more than Western Europe. But behind its hectic face, there is a clearly sensed feeling of desperation, the atmosphere of a Japanese *Walpurgisnacht*.

The atmosphere is so volatile that anything can happen. The friend of a woman about to be hired by the Toyokawa Credit Bank happened to say to an acquaintance, perhaps jokingly, that the bank was about to go bankrupt. Within 13 hours, 4,800 depositors had withdrawn \$5,000,000 from the bank and eight of its branches. "I still don't know what hit us," groaned Bank Chairman Bunichi Matsui.

In Shinjuku, Tokyo's equivalent of New York's Greenwich Village or London's Soho, the façades of at least 1,000 clubs throw off all the colors of the rainbow. Inside, the thermostats seem to have been raised, not lowered; customers peel off their jackets, and even the bikini-clad B-girls perspire in the heat. At a restaurant on the Ginza, the headwaiter reports a more-frenzied-than-usual pace of drinking. "They drink as though

this were their last big fling," he says, both gratified and concerned by the booming sales.

Though filling stations are closed on Sunday, as they are in most of Europe, expressways are as clogged with drivers as usual. On a recent Sunday, 10,000 cars ferried Tokyo's sporting set to the biggest turnout ever at the Nakayama Racecourse. The betting set a record of \$44.3 million. "There's something unhealthy about the way they played it this year," observed one official at the Ginza off-track betting center. That same day, 300,000 shoppers crowded the Mitukoshi Honten, Tokyo's largest department store, to snatch up a record \$8,900,000 worth of goods.

No real shortages have cropped up in Japan yet, but panicky consumers have denuded stores of items they think will be scarce, like toilet paper and detergents. Caches of perhaps as much as 500,000 gallons of oil and oil products have been illegally hidden round the country. Earlier this month, a stray golf ball led to the discovery of one hidden store near Osaka: when the golfer scrambled down a ravine in search of the ball, he also found 625 drums of oil. Already two taxi drivers have committed suicide because of fears that the fuel shortage would put them out of business.

The feeling of despair is only heightened by the fact that the Japanese have more money than they have ever had. Year-end bonuses total \$21.4 billion. With the expectation that this may be their last year of prosperity, most Japanese seem bent on spending as much of it as they can.

CHILE

The Price of Order

TIME Correspondent Charles Eisen-drath was in Santiago during the September coup that overthrew the Marxist government of Salvador Allende Gossens; last week he returned to see what changes had been made by the new military junta. His report:

Signs of change begin at Santiago's Pudahuel airport. There are taxis now. In the chaotic days before the coup, just getting to town took a feat of near leg-erdmain, since cab drivers, like many other businessmen, were on strike against Allende's plans to nationalize many sectors of the economy, including transportation. Another obvious change: the multicolored graffiti that turned the walls of Santiago's buildings into checkered political billboards have been whitewashed by junta order.

In bars where journalists, politicians and diplomats used to meet and chat, the leftist hangers-on and exiles are gone. Most of them have been expelled from the country, are under arrest or are languishing in embassies and "safe havens" to avoid prison.

The most promising change has taken place in Chile's economy, which Allende left a shambles. After the coup, General Gustavo Leigh Buzmán, chief of the air force and a junta member, prescribed a spartan program of "work, work, work." It has helped. The copper industry, which accounts for 80% of Chile's foreign earnings, had been nationalized, poorly managed, and so riven with strikes that production plummeted. But under the junta copper production rose to 61,000 tons during October, compared with a monthly average of under 50,000 tons during Allende's last months in office. With food prices up by 300%, the farmers are again tilling their land. Increased crops will reduce by nearly \$100 million the need for the huge food imports (some \$700 million) ordered by Allende.

Harsh Decrees. Two weeks ago, the government announced that 115 companies that had been nationalized by Allende would be returned to their former owners. The junta also said it was willing to discuss compensation for the U.S. copper mines, with assets of \$500 to \$700 million, that were taken over by Allende. All this has raised the government's stock in the eyes of foreign investors. American banks have offered Chile short-term loans of \$150 million. Canadian, British and German banks are negotiating similar arrangements. By contrast, practically no foreign credit was available to Allende during his last month.

The bright signs are counterbalanced by harsh decrees. The removal of Allende's subsidization of many consumer items has caused prices to soar so high that few shoppers can afford to buy. Though wages have risen 70% un-

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or Deluxe 100's

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America's quality cigarette.
Kent.

Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73.
12 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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der the junta, the cost of living has jumped 120%. Bread is up 350%, cooking oil 400%, gasoline 700%. Many poor Chileans are going hungry.

There is still a depressing mood of fear in Chile. Armed troops patrol Santiago's streets, and gunfire is frequently heard at night. Most observers now believe that the death toll is around 2,000, not 675 as the junta claims. Executions continue, though indiscriminate killings apparently have ceased. Several thousand political leftists are still being held in military prisons without trial. Political parties have been banned, and the junta indicates that the earliest it might allow elections would be in two years.

Meanwhile, Santiago's provincial military boss has issued "Bando 28" (Order 28), forbidding "elections of any kind in union, guild, political, student or any other kind of group." Vacancies will be filled by the military. The draconian measure led one Santiagoan to wonder wryly whether the order applied "to the local football club too." The constitution was recently amended so that Chileans who criticize the government while traveling abroad will automatically lose their citizenship.

Santiago's raucous night life has been snuffed out by an 11 p.m.-5:30 a.m. curfew. Restaurants other than those in tourist hotels no longer serve dinner. "Bando 28" bans all gatherings during curfew hours, thus thwarting attempts by fun lovers to get around the curfew by holding their parties from dark to dawn.

Despite all this, Chileans, if they had the choice, would probably reluctantly vote for the junta as the lesser of evils. Though the junta is hardly popular, it does have the country running again. Chileans chafe under its totalitarian restrictions, but they also remember the chaos and strife of Allende's regime. For the moment Chile's citizens appear content to get back to work and the rhythms of an orderly society. But with their long democratic tradition, they are not likely to tolerate junta rule indefinitely.

AFRICA

The Persistent Empire

At the end of its 28th session last week, the U.N. General Assembly adopted overwhelmingly* a resolution declaring that Portugal represents only its European population and not the peoples of its three African territories—Guinea-Bissau, Angola and Mozambique. A month earlier the Assembly had formally recognized the rebel government of Guinea-Bissau by 93 to 7 (with 30 abstentions). Both actions were purely academic, since the Portuguese are still firmly in control in all three territories. But they called attention, as they were intended to do, to the brushfire wars that are simmering in the Af-

rican domains of Europe's last—and most stubborn—colonial power.

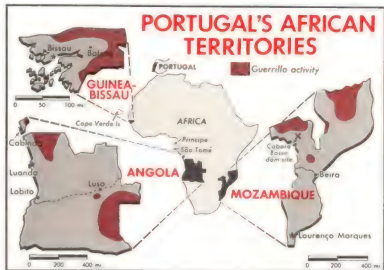
The poorest country in Western Europe, Portugal can ill afford the baubles of empire. Yet it is currently spending between 35% and 40% of its meager national budget to fight the African insurgencies. During the past five years, it has spent no less than \$1.5 billion on African development. As a result of this vainglorious effort, concludes TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs after a visit to Portugal's three African "states," Lisbon can probably hold on there as long as it is prepared to pay the heavy price.

The situation is in stalemate: the guerrillas are not strong enough to drive out the Portuguese, but the Portuguese—even though they have 160,000 troops in Africa—are not able to subdue the rebels. In all three territories, the Portuguese control the cities and towns. Their strategy is to hold the population centers and strategic agricultural and

their commanders to avoid a repetition of incidents like last year's Wiriyamu massacre, in which Portuguese soldiers killed an estimated 60 villagers accused of being Frelimo sympathizers.

Self-Help Projects. At present, half of the Portuguese troops on duty in Africa are recruited from the territories themselves, and 40% are black. Special groups of yellow-bellied black troops are used to "mentalize the masses"—a sort of winning-the-hearts-and-minds program carried out by living with villagers for long periods, organizing self-help projects and pleading the Portuguese cause. Other units, known as *flechas* (arrows), are made up of rebel defectors who sometimes patrol in captured uniforms and are rewarded with cash bounties for every guerrilla or guerrilla weapon they capture.

Another technique to which the Portuguese have resorted is the construction of *aldeamentos*—semifortified towns



mineral areas, maintain important road links and leave the sparsely populated border areas largely to the rebels.

The guerrilla position is strongest in Guinea-Bissau (pop. 600,000); they control about one-third of the territory and one-fifth of the population. Two years ago, they got close enough to the capital city of Bissau to lob a few rockets into its outskirts. They have not been able to do so since. In Angola (pop. 5,700,000), the guerrillas of three separate rebel organizations maintain a steady campaign of harassment, but their strength is dissipated by bickering among themselves.

In Mozambique (pop. 8,000,000), the forces of Frelimo (for Mozambique Liberation Front) have tied down 60,000 Portuguese troops in the northern provinces. In the past two months three top Frelimo commanders have defected to the Portuguese, and this month the colonial authorities felt secure enough to release 400 Frelimo detainees as "rehabilitated." The Portuguese also ordered

that are reminiscent of South Viet Nam's "strategic hamlets." There are now some 3,500 such settlements in the three territories and they hold more than 2,500,000 people.

At the same time, the Portuguese have been trying to give at least a semblance of regional autonomy to the colonies. Legislative assemblies were elected this year in all three territories, resulting in an all-black assembly in Guinea-Bissau, a legislature with a non-white majority in Mozambique and one with a white majority in Angola (where the electorate is 80% black).

The seat of power, however, will remain in Lisbon, where it has been located for 500 years. As a Portuguese official in the Angolan capital of Luanda put it recently, "The issue of independence simply does not arise." Although only Angola provides a net profit for the mother country (through oil, coffee and diamond exports), the Portuguese are determined to maintain their presence in Africa, however great the cost.

*By 94 votes for, to 14 (including the U.S.) against, with 21 abstentions.



JOHN & CAROLINE KENNEDY AT SKATING PARTY

Adopting the casual-to-careless style of their mother Jacqueline Onassis, **Caroline**, 16, and **John**, 13, appeared around New York City last week looking smartly scruffy. To a preview of Mike Nichols' new movie *The Day of the Dolphin* (see CINEMA), Caroline wore a farouche black cloak, while John appeared in jeans and suede shoes. Two days earlier, the two Kennedys had joined numerous relations, including Senator Ted Kennedy, his wife Joan, Ethel Kennedy and Eunice Shriver, at the Rockefeller Center skating rink for the ninth annual Robert F. Kennedy party for kids from the Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto. Ski-bum style, John and Caroline both wore turtle-necks under their shirts—checked for him, something thinner and more revealing for her.

Looking like an oriental version of a Kewpie doll, **Princess Nori**, 4, the only daughter of **Crown Prince Akihito**, 40, and **Crown Princess Michiko**, 39, participated in her first important Shinto ritual: *chakko-no-gi* (literally skirt wearing ceremony), which marks an imperial child's entry into his or her fifth year. Dressed in a crimson and cream traditional court robe and wearing a *hakama* (skirt), Nori bowed deeply in front of her parents, who were dressed in Western clothes, to thank them for their protection, care and affection. Then, combining royal poise with a little girl's pleasure in new clothes, she gave them a smile that lit up the palace's Sun and Moon Room, where the ceremony took place.



PRINCESS NORI AT CHAKKO-NO-GI

"Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me," sang **LaVerne**, **Maxene** and **Patty** as the **Andrews Sisters** harmonized their way to the top of the '40s charts. Then a series of sisterly spats created dissonance among the trio. By the time that the eldest, LaVerne, died at 51 in 1967, the sisters were almost completely out of show business. But then came nostalgia chic. Next month Maxene, 56, and Patty, 53, will be back in *Over Here*, a Broadway musical about two sisters who run a World War II USO canteen, with music composed by Richard and Robert (Mary Poppins) Sherman. There will even be a few numbers in the original three-part harmony: Maxene and Patty will be joined by a newcomer, Jane Sell, 32, who for the show's duration will be an Andrews foster sister.



Flamboyant Courtroom Tactician **Melvin Belli**, 66, now finds himself in the dock for misleading a judge

—of books, that is. New York Times Book Review Editor **John Leonard**, 34, last week wrote a column charging Belli with deception. It seems that Belli asked Leonard for the reviewing assignment on *The Finest Judges Money Can Buy* by one Charles Ashman. Only after Belli's bland notice was published by the Times in November did Editor Leonard learn that Ashman was a convicted felon (for passing bad checks), a former director of the Belli Foundation and a Belli client. Furthermore, from an article in the Nashville *Tennessean* Leonard discovered that Ashman's work turned out to bear an uncanny likeness to parts of a 1963 book on judicial malpractice: *The Corrupt Judge* by Joseph Borkin. Reached in Paris, Belli chose a semantic defense. "If I can't write a good review about a good friend's book, then I'm not a good lawyer. Besides, I even wrote glowing reviews of my own books."

"Let's just say I'm a hell of a rich man and that laws I make should be watched closely," snapped Canada's Prime Minister **Pierre Elliott Trudeau**. He had just emerged from the House of Commons in Ottawa after suggesting some civil service guidelines to avoid conflict-of-interest problems. Multimillionaire Trudeau inherited a fortune, currently thought to be around \$4 million, from his father, a Montreal lawyer who established a chain of gas stations. Under pressure from reporters, the Prime Minister somewhat testily revealed that he had sold some of his stocks after assuming his first cabinet office in 1967 and gave control of the rest of his holdings to an independent trustee. As for his own estimate of his assets, Trudeau resorted to flippancy: "I am worth \$100 million or \$200 million, and next year it may be \$400 million."

The plot: a corporate executive loses wife, children and job because of his drinking problem. The star: **Dick Van Dyke**, who has established a milk-sipping, father-figure image on his own weekly CBS-TV comedy show. Van Dyke's role in *The Morning After*—an ABC Movie of the Week to be aired later in the season—hardly seemed like typecasting. But, said Dick, it was. He and his wife of 26 years, Margie, began hitting the bottle a decade ago. "The beginning of drinking together is wonderful," he said. "You seem to have such wonderful insights. Then we got to the point where we couldn't get the words out. I kept calling her Fred." Fifteen months ago, Dick, 48, sought professional help. Now both Van Dykes are permanent on the wagon. Explained Dick: "I came to the point where you lose control. In my opinion, thousands in this country are at that point but won't face it."

Smooth Sailing for Companions in Orbit

Since the death of three cosmonauts on their way back to earth in June 1971, the Soviet Union has had little to boast about in its manned space program. Last week finally brought some good news from Moscow. For the second time in three months, a two-man spaceship was successfully launched from the Baikonur space complex in Soviet Central Asia. Barely two hours after Soyuz 13's lift-off, Soviet officials took the unusual step of showing live television pictures of the rookie cosmonauts: Air Force Major Pyotr Klimuk and Aviation Engineer Valentin Lebedev. That was a sure sign of renewed confidence among Soviet officials in the capability of their basic space vehicle.

U.S. space officials had every reason to be equally pleased. The Soyuz spacecraft, extensively modified since the hatch failure that caused the 1971 accident, will be used by the Russians in their proposed 1975 linkup with a U.S. Apollo spaceship. (U.S. astronauts who will participate in that flight recently completed a two-week stint at Star City, the Soviet cosmonaut training center outside Moscow, where they demonstrated their skills on Soyuz simulators.) Thus NASA wants every possible assurance that Soviet engineers have eliminated all Soyuz design bugs. Indeed, Western observers, noting that the Soviets had said that the main purpose of the latest flight was to test Soyuz systems, speculated that they were trying to assure the U.S. as much as themselves about the spacecraft's capabilities.

Merely by getting into orbit, the cosmonauts helped set a record of sorts: for the first time in history U.S. and Soviet crews were in space at the same time. About 100 miles higher than the small-

er Russian ship, Skylab's three astronauts were beginning their second month of a scheduled 84-day flight. Radioed Skylab's skipper, Gerald Carr: "We wish them smooth sailing."

After an indifferent start, the Skylab mission was also sailing smoothly. The astronauts had recovered from a bout of space sickness and were learning to live with a balky gyroscope, one of the three essential for maneuvering and maintaining the stability of the ship. One gyro had already broken down, and failure of a second might force curtailment of the mission. But as long as it continued to function, the astronauts had a steady platform in the sky; they made good use of it by photographing everything from simmering volcanoes on earth to giant storms on the sun and the ever-brightening comet Kohoutek. During their observations of Kohoutek, they have watched its tail double in length to more than 10 million miles. The science also had some light moments. In a radio conversation with his wife, Carr told her that some of the gypsy moth larvae that the crew had carried into space had finally hatched. "Good, you are a father again," replied the mother of six.

Testy Exchanges. Earlier the poky performance of the all-rookie crew had caused concern. The astronauts were sleeping longer than previous crews, complaining about their workload, having testy exchanges with Mission Control and making careless errors like forgetting to put essential filters on their cameras. Now the three men had settled their differences with Mission Control, and seemed to have adjusted to their cramped life-style—though not without some physical changes. Doctors estimated that the astronauts had grown an inch



COSMONAUTS LEBEDEV & KLIMUK
Something to boast about.

or more in height, yet had shrunk around the waist and chest, apparently because of shifts in body fluids in the weightless environment.

On Christmas Day and again on Dec. 29, the Skylab astronauts will take two long space walks outside their ship. Chief purpose of the sorties: to photograph Kohoutek with a variety of sophisticated instruments—including ultraviolet and X-ray cameras—immediately before and after the comet makes its hairpin turn around the sun. That dramatic passage on Dec. 28 will bring Kohoutek within 13 million miles of the sun. It will come so close, in fact, that the sun's heat and gravity may cause violent changes in the structure and chemistry of the comet. In their unique perch above the atmosphere, the astronauts may have a rare opportunity to record those changes as they actually occur and to secure for themselves a permanent niche in the history of astronomy.

JEAN-PAUL REVEL—ENGINEERING AND SCIENCE



A Cell's Travels by Ruffling

The menacing form depicted in this dramatic photograph is not some giant glob of man-eating protoplasm from a science-fiction film. It is actually a hamster's kidney cell magnified 15,000 times by a scanning electron microscope. Such scientific snapshots taken by Caltech Biologist Jean-Paul Revel may offer an important clue to a mystery that has long puzzled scientists: how a living cell moves across a surface. The cell's perambulations, Revel says, are apparently made possible by a strange phenomenon called "ruffling."

According to Revel's interpretation of the photos, the cell sprouts thin, veil-like folds along its forward edge—that is, in the direction of movement. These folds or ruffles grow upward, extend out like an arm and then drop to the surface, adhering firmly to it. Once the forward edge is anchored, the cell flows into and over the ruffles, almost as if it were pulling itself along. As the body of the cell moves over the folds, other ruffles grow along the cell's new leading edge, and in turn attach themselves to the surface. Thus the cell continues its snail-paced journey.

**Starting
January 6,
you're going
to pray the
telephone
doesn't ring.**



SUZANNE SEED



BROWN OUTSIDE CONVERTED STOREFRONT

ROLFE AT HOME WITH FRIEND
Shoe shops, taverns and groceries.

At Home in a Store

Old customers returning to a North Side Chicago shoe-repair shop for new heels or a shine are confronted by a discreetly blackened window and an avocado green door—firmly latched. The new tenant, Artist Ron Rolfe, is not interested in their patronage. All he wants is the privacy of home in his converted storefront.

Like 500 or so other Chicagoans, Rolfe has rejected the steep rents and monotonous layouts of high-rise apartments and opted instead for storefront living near downtown business districts. His neighbors, many of them also artists, are living in what were once taverns, pizza parlors, barbershops and grocery stores—and liking it. "I dig the flexibility that this allows," says Chicago Art Institute Teacher Phil Morion, who beds down in an overhanging loft at the rear of his converted junk shop. "In an apartment you can't do too much to change things," explains Architect Marvin Ullman, who remodeled another old junk shop and furnished it with sanded wooden soap crates. "Here, there is a third dimension that comes from the space and lends itself to creating."

Every Nook. Indeed, it is space—at a budget price—that most attracts members of the new storefront community. Though the warehouse-like interiors with 14-ft. ceilings often cost \$60 per month to heat, the rent averages only \$150, half that charged for Chicago apartments of similar size. Tenants use every nook and cranny, partitioning off sleeping berths, closets and workshops with hanging plants or plywood. One innovative interior decorator, who moved into a former ice cream parlor, now serves cocktails instead of sarsaparilla from behind the old soda fountain.

The storefront cultists generally move into the fringes of ghettos, from which storekeepers have fled to safer and more profitable neighborhoods. Sensing this surge toward storefront living, some landlords have bought and remodeled storefront blocks, and are now renting to eager tenants. In one South Side area, Developer John Podmajersky has constructed a communal courtyard surrounded by arched stucco walls. Here storefront tenants cultivate vegetables, and hold an annual summer art exhibit.

One of the most impressive conversions has occurred on the North Side of Chicago in a decaying area near Lincoln Park. There some 50 tenants have rented and remodeled not only storefronts but the shabby brick apartments directly over them. As a result the 15-block storefront area now has a new face. The store windows are decorated with gaily patterned curtains, the sills with plants and art works, and the street has become busier and safer.

Though many of the converted

shops fail to meet zoning or building regulations, Chicago officials apparently welcome the infusion of law-abiding tenants into the decaying neighborhoods and have looked the other way. Explains one candid building official: "Sure, they are violating the law. But there are laws against ladies' hats in theaters and spitting on the sidewalks, too." But living on the ground floor in the central city has its drawbacks. There are still frequent robberies in the area; some tenants are now barring their windows and doors. Freelance Writer Gretchen Brown wards off burglars as well as Peeping Toms with heavy wooden shutters. When she first moved in, Book Designer Muriel Underwood had to discourage passers-by who tried to enter to buy the spider plants in her jumbo display window. Says she: "They thought that my home was a plant shop."

The Anti Game

To most people, Park Place, Marvin Gardens and Baltic Avenue are just spaces on the Monopoly board—unlucky ones, to be sure, if occupied by money-gobbling hotels placed there by an opponent. But to Economist Ralph Anspach, those properties are part of a game that subtly encourages young minds to accept the evils of monopolization. "Some kids grow up not knowing that monopolies are illegal," he complains. In counterattack, Anspach and his 14-year-old son Mark have created Anti-Monopoly, a new, sophisticated board game that recently went on sale in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Players of Anti-Monopoly must be as canny and aggressive as the property tycoons in Monopoly. As "trustbusting attorneys," they move around a board populated by such corporate giants as Esso Oil, Nazareth Steel, Major Electric, and ITD I, II and III. Their aim: slapping paper indictments on offending companies. Now and then, the brash young barristers win trustbusting bonuses and collect supervisory payments from other attorneys who happen to land on corporations already indicted. So that no unlucky player need sit in the corner while others wheel and deal, Anti-Monopoly ends when the first player runs out of ready cash.

In its first week on the counters, Anti-Monopoly sold more than 2,000 copies at \$8.75 each. After 15,000 sets are purchased, Anspach will channel 5% of all profits into a special legal aid fund that he has set up for small companies victimized by conglomerates. If the fund produces the desired effect, executives of large, errant corporations may some day be forced to obey a command on the Anti-Monopoly board: "Go to court. The judge has called an extra session." Still, that is preferable to Monopoly's "Go directly to jail."

They Shall Not Pass

The most heated educational debate of the mid-1950s centered on "why Johnny can't read." That issue continues to raise the temperatures of parents and educators, but for many urban school systems the real problem now is what to do with Johnny if he can't read. This month, in a break with recent policy, New York City's school system announced that it will no longer promote students who lag far behind their grade level in reading ability.

For the past six years, the nation's largest urban school system (enrollment 1,490,000) has passed elementary school pupils on from grade to grade even when they have been as much as 2½ years behind the norm for their grade in reading. From now on, however, students in grades four through eight will not be promoted if they are more than a year behind. Even under the new policy, slow readers would not be forced to languish year after year in the same grade. Except in rare cases, students will not be held back more than once in elementary and once in junior high. Those who repeatedly fail to meet eighth- and ninth-grade standards will nonetheless eventually be admitted to high school.

Regressive Policy. Despite these escape clauses, there was an immediate outcry from some educators who had reservations about the new policy. "It is regressive in the face of most research," protested Helen Wise, president of the National Education Association. "If you hold back a slow child, he will get slower." Many educators argued that keeping students from advancing with their age group would damage them psychologically.

Many other school systems practice automatic promotion in some form, often by setting age limits beyond which a child will not be kept in elementary school. Says a Los Angeles school official: "Our policy is, if a kid has started to shave and his voice is changing, he no longer belongs in elementary school." But automatic promotion has produced as many problems as it has solved. Says Illinois School Superintendent Michael Bakalis, who is pushing a "back to basics" *i.e.*, emphasizing reading and math) program in his state: "Employers complain to me that the kids can't fill out a job application, they can't spell, they can't read, they don't have much capacity to function properly." In Oakland, Calif., where a third of the high school seniors have reading and math skills below eighth-grade level, Director of Pupil Personnel Robert Williams recommends that employers consult teachers before hiring high school graduates. Students themselves are increasingly aware of their own—or their schools'—failings. "Why did they keep passing me when they saw I wasn't keeping up

in reading?" asked one high school student at a conference for slow readers in Manhattan last spring. "Did they want to get rid of me instead of helping me?" In one of the most dramatic protests, a student who graduated from San Francisco's Galileo High School with reading skills at the fifth-grade level has filed a \$500,000 suit against the board of education for not fulfilling its duty to teach him to read.

San Francisco's Deputy City Attorney Burk Delventhal argues that to hold schools liable when children fail to learn "would make public education unfeasible." Many educators insist that in an era of mass public education, the schools must have flexible standards. Says Chicago Assistant Superintendent Ellen Bracht: "Under no circumstances would we refuse to accept a student into high school. He should know that there is no closed door, nothing that locks him into one situation."

But Education Professor Staten Webster of the University of California at Berkeley sympathizes with the New York City decision. "A kid might feel bad when he doesn't get promoted," he says. "But that is better than finding that his life is ruined because he can't do anything." Furthermore, he adds, "You can't promote him simply on the theory that he is too old to keep back. To slap him into a junior high school compounds his chances of failure."

Then what can be done for the pupil who is not promoted? Many learn little more during their second or even third repeat than during their first year in a grade. Under the new New York City policy, says School Chancellor Irving Anker, pupils who are "left back" will be given "individually prescribed programs" based on their deficiencies and needs. Skeptical New York City teachers applaud his intentions, but many doubt that the money, classroom space and skilled teachers are available to give slow readers the attention they so desperately need.

Decline in the SATs

In New York City last week the College Entrance Examination Board issued a profile of the 1,000,000 American 1973 high school seniors who took its Scholastic Aptitude Tests (SAT). The profile revealed many noteworthy facts (girls got higher average scores, for example, yet had less ambitious college plans than boys). But one seemingly ominous result attracted the most attention: the mean SAT scores had declined for the tenth year in a row. The biggest drop was in this year's verbal scores, from a mean of 450 in 1971-72 to 443 in 1972-73. That compared to a verbal mean of 478 in 1962-63.

In previous years the standard explanation for the slipping SAT scores has

been that a larger and less selective group of students has been taking the tests. But in the past five years, as the number of students going to college has leveled off, the number taking the test has also stabilized, making this explanation no longer valid. Could it be, as many parents fear, that American schools just are not doing as good a job of developing verbal and mathematical skills as they used to do? Or are American kids simply getting dumber?

Experts at the College Board and at Educational Testing Service, which prepares and scores the tests under contract to the board, were quick to dampen the gloomy speculation. While some agree that American schools have their

Declining Scores

Mean scores on the Scholastic Aptitude Test

	Verbal	Mathematical
1962-1963	478	502
1963-1964	475	498
1964-1965	473	496
1965-1966	471	495
1966-1967	467	495
1967-1968	466	494
1968-1969	462	491
1969-1970	460	488
1970-1971	454	487
1971-1972	450	482
1972-1973	443	481

Maximum possible score: 800

Source: Educational Testing Service

TIME Chart by W. Haines

faults, they point out that the test results do not necessarily indicate those failings. ETS research also suggests that, if anything, young Americans have been getting slightly brighter over the years. Then what could be causing the drop in scores? William H. Angoff, executive director of College Board programs at ETS, admits that no one can tell for sure. For one thing, because SATs are not compulsory (only about a third of high school seniors take them), the test group varies from year to year and is "a statistician's nightmare." However, ETS and the board are considering more than a dozen factors that may be causing the decline. One possibility: spiraling tuition fees and a growing disaffection for higher education may be discouraging able and thus high-scoring students from applying to colleges that require SATs. If true, this would mean that many of the better students no longer take the tests, thus lowering the mean SAT scores.

A Disciple's Progress

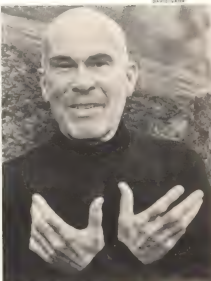
The Dutch abstractionist Piet Mondrian moved to New York City in 1940 and died there four years later. He was the greatest of all the European artists who, displaced by war, settled in America and began the ferment that culminated in what Art Historian Irving Sandler, in an infelicitously imperial phrase, recently called "the triumph of American painting." Yet the results of Mondrian's sojourn have to some extent been set on a back burner.

Only a fraction of the energy that went into the study of abstract expressionism has been spent on Mondrian's small circle of U.S. disciples, such as Fritz Glarner, Ilya Bolotowsky and Burgoyne Diller. Their aloof and rigorous art could never have been a popular recipe; but allowing for that, and for the fact that they labored beneath the almost overpowering shadow of Mondrian himself, the silence about such pioneers is still remarkable. For though the public did not look closely or often at their work, later artists did: the "mondrianists" were one of the secret influences on 1960s American abstraction. A case in point is the work of Leon Polk Smith, now on view—in the sort of brief, scrappy show that makes one wish for a proper retrospective somewhere—at Manhattan's Denise René Gallery.

A vigorous, affable 67-year-old with a Southwestern twang and a long bald skull like a dented kettle, Smith was born a Cherokee in Indian Territory (later renamed Oklahoma) in 1906. His education was rudimentary—"the three Rs, and farm work the rest of the time"—but during the Depression he managed to put himself through Oklahoma State College at Ada. Then, in 1933, he happened on the art department there. But it was not until 1937 that, as a student enjoying the first years of a prolonged love affair with New York, he glimpsed his first Mondrians in the Gallatin collection. "I haven't seen a painting since I first saw Mondrian that gave me one single idea about form, composition, anything," asserts Smith.

Curving Seams. Some of Smith's earlier versions of the Dutch master have a quirkish and decorative air, as though the fast color-blips of *Broadway Boogie Woogie* had been crossed with the decorative bead patterns of American Indian folk art. But the abiding problem was how to become something other than an imitator, how to disengage himself from Mondrian's gravitational field.

By the early '50s, some of his paintings were moving away from the strict line-and-rectangle grid. *Black-White Duet with Red*, 1953 (see cut), loosens the bond. Instead of Mondrian's deli-



PAINTER LEON POLK SMITH
Going beyond earth.

cately balanced, off-center compositions, a kind of symmetry prevails: the skewed, hefty profiles of black and white fit together like a Yin-Yang symbol as revised by a locksmith. "I liked what Mondrian had discovered—the interchangeability of form and space," Smith recalls. "But I wanted to apply that to free form."

What kicked him out of his orbit of homage was—of all things—a sports catalogue he glanced at in 1954. It contained drawings of baseballs and basketballs, and Smith was fascinated by their curving seams. From the middle '50s on, he embarked on two-color paintings, typically with one curved form set over a color plane: arcs, ovals, S-bends. At the same time, Smith's palette changed from the classical red, yellow, blue, black and white of his Mondrian years and took on violets, pinks, oranges and greens of peculiarly shrill sweetness and intensity, while staying abstract. "Anything that goes toward an earth color becomes too heavy," he says. "You should get away from the colors you find on earth; they're limiting. Anyway, I never thought of nature as if it stopped at our sky. I've always thought of my paintings as going beyond earth."

Smith's concern with shape and contour remained absolute, and it seems to have been an unacknowledged influence on the *dozen* of American hard-edge painting, Ellsworth Kelly (TIME, Sept. 17), who first saw Smith's pictures around 1956. The essence of such drawing is division—the line cleanly slicing positive away from negative, creating two spaces in one gesture. In Smith's recent work, this cropping of space can sometimes be a rather stolid operation, but what remains impressive is the man's steadfast development: his persistent and successful attack on one pictorial problem, anticipating the '60s but far from their limelight. ■ Robert Hughes

SMITH'S BLACK-WHITE DUET WITH RED (1953)



Labyrinthine Dream

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
JOSEPH STALIN
by ROBERT WILSON

James Joyce once said that he expected his readers to devote their entire lives to his work. Texas-born, 29-year-old Robert Wilson seems to concur. For four performances only at Brooklyn's Academy of Music, he assembled a twelve-hour dramatic extravaganza that began at 7 p.m. and ended at 7 a.m. It was a long day's night.

Stalin scants Stalin as well as conventional play making. It is a kind of lavish underwater ballet, a labyrinthine dream from which one cannot awaken, a slow-motion time study that makes the slow motion of, say, film or videotape seem like a device of dizzying speed.

Wilson's imagination is hallucinatory, evoking the visions of drug takers. It is also surreal. If Dali had not thought of a melting watch, Wilson could have. *Stalin* does not unfold through logic, but through phantasmagorical sequences, as if dancers were paradoxically miming still lifes.

Nymphs Cavorting. In one such segment, "The Cave," the stage is as loaded with animals as Noah's ark. Some are stuffed, some are simulated by actors (*see cut*), and some are real. Wilson is daft on animals, from ravens to ostriches, not excluding live dogs and sheep. In the cave the animals, cozy and docile, rest as if inhaling and exhaling the paradisiacal peace of Creation. Through the mouth of the cave, in bold, dazzling sunlight, we see girls bare to the waist, nymphs cavorting in primal innocence. Slowly, and with chilling ominousness, one wooden bar after another slams into place across the face of the cave, as if civilization were undoing these two worlds for all time to come. It is an expulsion from Eden.

Wilson is capable of hypnotically poignant cameos. A slim young black mother, dressed wholly in black except for narrow white cuffs at her wrists,

wakes one of her nightgowned small children, pours and serves a glass of milk, then slays the child ritually with a glittering silver knife. She wakes the other child and repeats the action. Then she grieves for both with the same grave serenity with which she has killed them.

Wilson can also be funny. He mixes Gertrude Stein gibberish with high camp and low burlesque. One of the show's running gags is just that—a fellow in a red shirt and shorts who jogs rapidly across the back of the stage at intervals, always at a meticulously identical pace. At times this makes for sheer absurdity; at other times it seems almost like a mystical trance.

Some of *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin* is undeniably opaque, irritating, pretentious and self-indulgent.

Few playwrights would have the nerve to stitch together a dramatic conglomerate as Wilson has done, containing portions of his previous works such as *The King of Spain*, *The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud* and *Deafman Glance*. But considering its sprawling length, *Stalin* is remarkably free from boredom. This is a token of its visual mesmerism and incessant variety. One moment the stern, noble mien of the aged Sigmund Freud will appear as he walks about the stage on his wife's arm in supportive dignity; the next moment, 32 dancing ostriches; and the next, Wilson's 88-year-old grandmother from Waco, Texas, in a walk-on, talk-on bit. Playwright or not—chances are not—Robert Wilson is a master showman magically deploying theatrical effects. ■ T.E. Kolem



SCENE FROM ROBERT WILSON'S 12-HOUR EXTRAVAGANZA *THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOSEPH STALIN*

The Year's Best

THE RIVER NIGER. The hymn-deep, groin-stabbing, laugh-lacerating life of the American black, rendered with love, anger and precision.

MEDEA. In her natal Greece, Irene Papas is known as *Mavro Diamanti* (Black Diamond). Such was her Medea.

EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA. An effervescent foolscap farce—it's the real thing.

WELCOME TO ANDROMEDA. The hero was almost totally paralyzed, but Ron Whyte's first play quivered with instinctual dramatic life.

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC. Lovely to look at, delightful to listen to, this jewel box of a show won the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award for best musical.

UNCLE VANYA. George C. Scott, Julie Christie and Nicol Williamson helped make this the crowning dramatic event of the year. The splendid cast was obviously inspired by the brilliant direction of Mike Nichols and the irrefutable genius of Anton Chekhov.

NICOL WILLIAMSON'S LATE SHOW. An afterhours gig with the matchless Scot singing the blues and lighting up the night with Eliot, Kipling and Beckett.

THE CONTRACTOR. The mysterious art of the commonplace continues to fascinate British playwright David Storey and his growing band of devotees. With this play he may add fresh laurels to the New York Drama Critics' Circle Awards that he won with *Home* and *The Changing Room*.

BOOM BOOM ROOM. All about a go-go girl, luminously played by Madeline Kahn. A flawed work, yet indelibly, poignantly impressive.

GOOD EVENING. *Dementia ridicula* rules this revue. Peter Cook and Dudley Moore are the laugh-loony culprits.

New Day at Black Rock

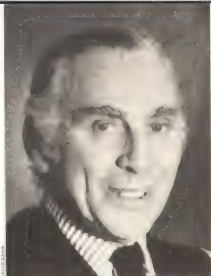
The mood was tense as Columbia Records' annual sales meeting got under way last September in San Francisco. Columbia had recently been rocked to its storage bins by the firing of its adroit, youthful (41) president, Clive Davis, on grounds of improperly diverting corporate funds to personal uses. Fears of a scandal concerning "drugola"—the alleged currying of favor by supplying acid, pot and cocaine to rock groups and disc jockeys—hung over the entire industry. Columbia included. When Davis' successor strode to the podium and began his remarks by quipping: "A funny thing happened to me on my way to retirement," everyone laughed—but not too hard. If there was one person who could clean Columbia's house quickly and thoroughly, and in the process give it new life, it was Goddard Lieberman, 62, the man who during the late 1950s and early '60s pushed it to the top in the first place.

Since 1967, when he stepped aside for his protégé Davis, Lieberman had been toiling in the highest echelons of CBS, Columbia's parent organization, as a senior vice president. Now back in his old territory, he was somewhat appalled. If the record business had finally nosed past the movies as the biggest entertainment medium in the U.S., it had also begun to tilt dangerously out of control. "I came back," says Lieberman, "because I didn't want to see something I'd been building for 25 years go down the drain."

Surprisingly, drugola did not seem to be the central problem. Vestiges of the drug-oriented youth culture of the late '60s linger on in the rock world. But so far there is little likelihood of a scandal approaching the scope of the payola debacle of the '50s. A federal grand jury in Newark is investigating the matter, but is reported to be months away from any conclusions or possible indictments.

What did worry Lieberman right at the start was the shortage of vinyl now beginning to hit the industry hard. Vinyl, known in the trade as PVC (polyvinyl chloride), is the chemical byproduct of crude oil from which records are made. As a result of oil shortages, Columbia has been forced to suspend its \$1.98 Harmony pop label; it also trimmed its November output by postponing several releases until 1974. In general, the industry will probably have to opt for greater selectivity in its releases—or, as Lieberman puts it, "an end to buckshotting—throwing everything against the wall to see what sticks."

High Bidding. Lieberman was also concerned that the record world seemed to be "drinking that fatal glass of beer" that many movie studios had taken—a switch in emphasis from artistic control to mere entrepreneurship. Like other large record companies, Columbia under Davis had moved more and more into the distributorship of smaller labels (Stax, Philadelphia International, Monument), more and more into high bidding for established stars (Neil Diamond



CBS'S GODDARD LIEBERMAN
An end to buckshotting.

and Laura Nyro for multimillion dollar deals) and less into its own experimentation and development of talent.

Lieberman's response has been a subtle reassertion of the record company's authority and artistic conscience, largely through the tone, personality and authority of his own presence. "I don't doubt that there were times when record companies exploited artists," he says, "but it had come to the point where the artists were exploiting the record companies." The first to get the word was Bob Dylan. One of the label's superstars for more than a decade, Dylan came up for contract renewal last month and found that he could no longer write his own ticket. He has now signed with David Geffen of Elektra/Asylum.

The Year's Best

CLASSICAL

SCHUMANN: FANTASIESTÜCKE, OP. 12; DAVIDSBUNDELTANZE, OP. 6 (Columbia). A notable recording debut by a lyric virtuoso of the piano, Murray Perahia, 26.

WAGNER: PARSIFAL (London, 5 LPs); **BEETHOVEN: NINTH SYMPHONY** (London, 2 LPs). Two grand conducting achievements by the liege of the American orchestral scene, Sir Georg Solti.

BERLIOZ: LA DAMNATION DE FAUST (Philips, 3 LPs). Conductor Colin Davis' exemplary latest chapter in the resurrection of Hector Berlioz.

BRAMMS: COMPLETE STRING QUARTETS, OP. 51, NOS. 1 AND 2, OP. 67 (RCA, 2 LPs). Another impressive disc debut, this one by the Cleveland Quartet.

PURCELL: THE FAIRY QUEEN (London, 2 LPs). One good English composer deserves another, or so it seems from this triumph by Benjamin Britten.

BACH: GOLDBERG VARIATIONS, VARIATIONS IN THE ITALIAN STYLE (Angel, 2 LPs). Baroque classics brought entertainingly to life by Harpsichordist Igor Kipnis.

BARTOK: CONCERTO FOR ORCHESTRA (Columbia). Conductor Pierre Boulez finds heart as well as anxious nerve in a 20th century classic.

PUCCINI: LA BOHÈME (London, 2 LPs). Conductor Herbert von Karajan and friends make the bohemian life worth living—and listening to—all over again.

BEETHOVEN: FIVE PIANO CONCERTOS (London, 4 LPs). Vladimir Ashkenazy reaffirms his position as a truly great Beethoven interpreter.

BOULEZ: LE MARTEAU SANS MAÎTRE (Columbia). A bright, precise contemporary landmark conducted by the bright, precise man who wrote it, Pierre Boulez.

POP

STEPHEN SONDHEIM: A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC (Columbia). The year's most distinguished musical makes the year's best original-cast LP.

I AM A SONG (RCA). England's empress of the jazz song, Cleo Laine, in a scintillating U.S. recording debut.

THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII (A & M). Using everything from synthesizers to pipe organs, England's Rick Wakeman has produced a provocative rock LP (not

a score from the movie or TV series of the same name).

BROTHERS AND SISTERS (Capricorn). A masterly essay from the Allman Brothers in how to blend rock, jazz and white rural Southern blues.

SCOTT JOPLIN: THE RED BACK BOOK (Angel). Joyful orchestrations of ten classic rags by Gunther Schuller and his New England Conservatory rag-mops.

THERE GOES RHYMIN' SIMON (Columbia). A lesson in what a wistful, literate and probing composer-singer Paul Simon still is.

A LITTLE TOUCH OF SCHMILSSON IN THE NIGHT (RCA). Having gone from pop poet to hard rocker in recent years, Harry Nilsson here croons his way back into the 1930s and 1940s.

SHOOT OUT AT THE FANTASY FACTORY (Island; dist. Capitol). Recorded in Jamaica, with the Nestors of British rock, Traffic, at the peak of their maturity.

DARK SIDE OF THE MOON (Harvest; dist. Capitol). Space-Rock's Pink Floyd in a hair-raising orbit.

GOAT'S HEAD SOUP (Rolling Stones; dist. Atlantic). The uncensorable Stones in fighting trim.

One of Lieberman's first moves after taking over was to give a push to an already conceived twelve-LP package devoted entirely to black composers from the 18th century to the present. Further, Columbia's February release will feature new American music by Leon Kirchner, George Crumb and Morton Subotnick. Lieberman has also given the green light to record everything ever written by Charles Ives.

In pop, Lieberman has done far less, but far less has been needed. With such steady sellers as Loggins and Messina (rock), Charlie Rich (country) and Billy Paul (soul), Columbia had 24 LPs in 1973 that reached \$1,000,000 in sales.

Born in England, raised in Seattle, Lieberman settled in New York to write music, hobnob with composers like Ives and Henry Cowell and write irreverent music criticism for the now defunct magazine *Modern Music*. After signing on with Columbia Masterworks in 1939 as second in command, he made one of his first projects the first recording of *Pierrot Lunaire* with the composer Arnold Schoenberg conducting. It was something that only an ex-composer would have fought for. The album bombed financially on 78 r.p.m., but finally made back the investment when transferred to LP a decade later.

On Top. The success of the original-cast album of *South Pacific*, produced by Lieberman in 1949, gave Columbia's new long-playing record the commercial push it badly needed. It also paved the way for a hugely profitable succession of similar ventures, such as *My Fair Lady* and *Sound of Music*.

In the 1950s, he kept up a steady re-issue of such jazz greats as Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke and Bessie Smith, and brought in Mitch Miller to manage the company's middle-of-the-road pop line. In the early 1960s, as Lieberman is fond of pointing out, he helped usher in the rock era by signing Dylan, Simon and Garfunkel and the Byrds.

A trim, aristocratic-looking man, Lieberman still walks each morning from his town house on Manhattan's East Side to his office in CBS's dark gray stone skyscraper (known to employees as the Black Rock); he still finds time for tennis and doodling on an unfinished violin concerto, still entertains such friends as the Leonard Bernsteins, Richard Rodgers and Dick Cavetts. He frequently gets away with his wife of 27 years, Ballerina Vera Zorina, for long weekends at their second home in Santa Fe, N. Mex.

But he has already created what Classical Records Co-Director Thomas Shepard calls "a different feeling on top." Lieberman feels that if Columbia is going to experiment and take chances, as it has frequently in the rock area ("And not all rock groups make money, I assure you"), it should be willing to do the same thing in the classics. "The moment we stop being able to do that is the moment that I stop wanting to be a part of this business."

Heart of the Defense

When José Flores drove on the wrong side of the road near Santa Rosa, Calif., and hit an oncoming car, one of the victims, Colenda Ward, 12, suffered irreversible brain damage. Flores, 23, was charged with manslaughter and felonious drunken driving. But there was a macabre technicality. After determining that Colenda had suffered cerebral death, doctors successfully transplanted her heart into a patient at the Stanford University Medical Center.

Well and good, said Flores' lawyer, but that meant that the critical evidence—the corpse—had been tampered with. Further, he argued, "when somebody



VICTIM COLEND A WARD
The doctors did it?

causes injury and then when another agency because of its actions brings about a premature death, I don't think it is fair to charge a person with manslaughter." The municipal judge agreed. "There is really no way of knowing whether this defendant caused the death of this individual," he ruled, leaving only the drunken-driving charge pending.

For all its odd aspects, the situation was not unique. Another recent heart donor at Stanford had been shot. Andrew Lyons, the alleged murderer, claimed in his pretrial defense that the surgeons caused the death. The judge in that case rejected the argument on the theory that the heart would never have been removed if the man had not first been fatally shot in the head. Regardless of the opposing rulings, Stanford Heart Surgeon Norman Shumway is worried that both cases will discourage the use of assault victims as organ donors. The Flores case, however, will

be appealed, leaving it to a higher California court to decide whether a medical determination of death before transplant surgery meets the meticulous requirements of criminal law.

Class-Action Chill

For some time Lake Champlain had been filling up with sludge, apparently from an International Paper Co. factory at Ticonderoga, N.Y. Finally, in 1971, H. Keith Zahn went to federal court and sued the New York pulpmaker on behalf of himself and some 200 others who owned Vermont land fronting on the lake. Alleging \$40 million in overall damages because of the pollution, Zahn was relying on the newly popular tactic of the class action, which allows a large group with a common complaint to join together in one suit. Last week the Supreme Court dug in its heels and decided 6-3 that Zahn's class-action suit must collapse because some of his neighbors were not eligible plaintiffs.

Severe Blow. When parties from different states are involved and when the sum in dispute exceeds \$10,000, a federal court has jurisdiction. And federal class actions have long depended on at least one plaintiff's meeting the \$10,000 requirement. But the court has now made clear that every plaintiff must meet that requirement. Thus most of Zahn's co-plaintiffs, who had individually suffered less than \$10,000 damages, were told that they could "not ride in on another's coattails." That does not necessarily mean Zahn gets nothing; he may still bring a federal suit with which ever of his neighbors also allege \$10,000 in damages.

Trouble is, he and others like him, acting on their own, might not be able to afford the expenses involved in proving a complex case. That does "no judicial system credit," said William Brennan for Fellow Dissenters William Douglas and Thurgood Marshall. The three also pointed out that the decision could lead to more individual suits in the state and federal courts where previously one collective proceeding would have covered a specific issue. But the majority apparently believes that tough standards will at least cut the federal work load. Consumer and environmental advocates fear that the new decision is a chill wind for class actions. Said Bill Butler, Washington counsel for the Environmental Defense Fund: "It's a severe blow to the unorganized, *ad hoc* groups that want action on particular offenses." Certain kinds of class actions, such as those involving antitrust and various kinds of civil rights, are not affected, since they have no \$10,000 minimum. But the court has one other pending case on the subject, and the betting is now that when it rules, it will set forth even greater restrictions.



MCQUEEN & HOFFMAN IN PAPILLON



SCOTT, VAN DEVERE & FLIPPED FRIEND IN DOLPHIN

Escape Vehicle

PAPILLON

Directed by FRANKLIN J. SCHAFFNER
Screenplay by DALTON TRUMBO and
LORENZO SEMPLÉ JR.

It is nice to see French Guiana again. The French may have shut down the infamous penal system they used to maintain there, but it still flourishes as a country of the mind, a Disneyland for masochists, in the imagination of moviemakers. For them the guards will always and universally be sadistic brutes, the prisoners either nice guys or people doing time for bad raps.

Some—like Henry Charrière (Steve McQueen), whose nickname, Papillon (Butterfly), is symbolized in a tattoo on his chest—are endlessly obsessed with plans for escape. Others, like Louis Degas (Dustin Hoffman), try to get along by going along. Still others are on hand to demonstrate by their dramatically timely deaths just how difficult both courses are. Much suspenseful, if highly stylized, drama results from the interaction of these characters with one another and with hell on earth. Devotees of the prison-and-escape genre will enjoy anew such tradition-blessed plays as the smuggled-weapon bit, sundry chases through jungle and swamp, the operation-without-anesthesia scene, and of course the solitary-confinement sequence.

Unfortunately, Director Schaffner's natural taste is for the big, expensive canvas. The slickness of his work vitiates any attempt to take *Papillon* with entire seriousness. Prison life is more picturesque than genuinely horrifying.

and the escapes into the world outside are seen through a *National Geographic* lens brightly. Everywhere squalor seems to have been painted on carefully but obviously, like McQueen's old man's makeup at the end of the picture.

Still, McQueen works hard and almost manages to triumph over his star presence, while Hoffman submerges himself eccentrically and amusingly in his coward's role. *Papillon* inevitably refers us to old movies rather than to reality. Audiences whose expectations do not exceed their grasp will find it a much more comfortable vehicle for escape than any that McQueen & Co. discovered on location.

■ Richard Schickel

Con Game

THE STING

Directed by GEORGE ROY HILL
Screenplay by DAVID S. WARD

This isn't a movie, it's a recipe. The people who put *The Sting* together followed the instructions on the *Butch Cassidy* package: one Paul Newman, one Robert Redford, a dash of caper. Stir in the same director, if available.

He was. *Butch Cassidy* may not have been very good, but it made a bundle, so what difference does it make? Newman and Redford pass a few facial expressions between them and try to cool each other out. If there ever was much of a script, it can be said to have gone to waste.

The movie, set in Chicago and environs during the '30s, concerns a sophomore con man (Redford), a grizzled veteran con man (Newman) and their



REDFORD & NEWMAN IN STING

extravagant scheme to bilk a big-money hoodlum from New York (Robert Shaw). There is a tangle of subplots, some slothful suspense and an ending of telegraphed surprise.

The Sting was not made to be taken seriously, but many people may find it difficult even to enjoy the movie casually. It lacks the elements that could have given it true drive: a sense of an urban underworld, or of the Depression that sucked so many people into it; an

understanding of the con man's pathology that goes beyond surface style and patter; a story that depends not on plot twists but on characters. The movie ends up with a lot of expensive sets and a screenful of blue eyes. ■ Jay Cocks

Fa, Humberg

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN

Directed by MIKE NICHOLS
Screenplay by BUCK HENRY

Dolphins speak and humans scheme in this coy satirical thriller. The dolphins come off a lot better, but of course they have the best roles. In fact, they have the only roles. There is the traditional complement of actors—George C. Scott most prominent among them—but none has enough raw material to build a part. So a loquacious dolphin and his female companion swim off with the show, and welcome to it.

Buck Henry's screenplay crudely compresses Robert Merle's good novel of the same title about a research scientist's growing moral responsibility and political commitment. In the book, the scientist was forced to take sides when he found that his "pure" research had been manipulated by rival government agencies until it was virtually perverted. In the film, little of this remains. Bits of themes, shreds of ideas float on the surface of the plot like so much plankton. What is left, besides a lot of pretty dolphin footage, is some bad intercollegiate-revue satire, a shadow of *Sea Hunt*, and a calculated sentimentality that evokes memories of *Lassie Come Home*.

The dolphins are kidnapped from the scientist (Scott) and trained to blow up the President of the U.S. as he vacations aboard his yacht. The would-be assassins are a cartel of clichés: a loud-mouthed, cigar-chomping Westerner, an unctuous Middle European, a fatherly Ivy League type. The movie makes

The Year's Best

AMERICAN GRAFFITI. Small-town adolescence in 1962, perceptively rendered by George Lucas.

AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON. Yasujiro Ozu's last film, made in 1963: a serene, masterly speculation on the encroachments of age.

DAY FOR NIGHT. A sly, shrewd billet-doux to the giddy excesses of film making and film makers from François Truffaut.

DON'T LOOK NOW. Guilt and psychic phenomena haunt a waking nightmare, wonderfully directed by Nicolas Roeg and acted by Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie.

LAST TANGO IN PARIS AND THE SPIDER'S STRATAGEM. One overpraised but still important, the other too little seen. Together they establish Bernardo Bertolucci as a significant cinematic force.

their plot a matter of as much concern and surprise as whether Pearl White will be cut loose from the railroad ties before the locomotive flattens her.

Director Nichols moves his camera with academic predictability. His actors do not inhabit his shots; they pose in them, as if pressed under glass. When Scott worries to his colleagues that unknown foes are "sneaking up on us," Nichols cuts to a shot of a small boat coming ashore at night, underscored by a suitably melodramatic flourish of music. Nichols, whose reputation rests partly on his supposedly sensitive work with actors, here leaves his cast at loose ends. Scott is never animated, never even engaged. Others—including Trish Van Devere and the others (excepting Paul Sorvino, who makes an amusingly sardonic spook)—embody the antique definition of good children: they speak only when spoken to. In the case of such actors as Fritz Weaver and Elizabeth Wilson, this is a blessing.

Fa, the talking dolphin, is cute, graceful and quite lovely to watch. Since *Day of the Dolphin* contains no threatening or challenging scene or idea, it might be considered a good family movie. But only for families who feast on pablum. ■ J.C.

On the Take

SERPICO

Directed by SIDNEY LUMET
Screenplay by WALDO SALT
and NORMAN WEXLER

Wonderful potential: a loose dramatization of the career of Frank Serpico, an undercover cop who in 1971 was instrumental in exposing corruption of almost grotesque proportions within the New York City police department. A chance to deal with difficult questions: What is it that makes a cop re-

LOVE. A poignant Hungarian film about death and renewal, directed by Karoly Makk, with a lovely and complex performance by Mari Torocsik.

MEAN STREETS. Martin Scorsese's kinetic memoir of growing up in New York's Little Italy. A movie with perspective, compassion, some good actors (Robert DeNiro, Harvey Keitel) and a lot of street smarts.

O LUCKY MAN! Lindsay Anderson's jaunty morality play, a sort of vaudeville *Pilgrim's Progress* with ironic commentary provided by Alan Price's smashing musical score.

PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID. A strange, severe, beautiful Western directed by Sam Peckinpah.

PULP. Michael Caine and—yes—Mickey Rooney are superb in Mike Hodges' high-spirited thriller, which spoofs the mystery genre as Robert Altman's *The Long Goodbye* was supposed to but didn't.

sist, then fight against a system of dubious morality that is accepted, even defended within the department? When can such resistance lead to or ever require informing? What moves—or compels—a man to be a cop?

Wonderful potential, and wasted. *Serpico* has some brutal surface flash and an acetylene performance by Al Pacino in the title role, but its energy is used to dodge all the questions it should have raised and answered. It is not enough to have Serpico reminisce about his childhood, recalling the impression of power and control he got from a couple of guys in blue uniforms, to explain what brought him to the force. It is clearly shown that Serpico is a New York street kid, but this movie asks us not only to accept that a man with that background could be aghast over a cop's getting free meals at a restaurant, but that he could violate the most basic code of the street: never inform. The source of Serpico's frantic, sometimes blind moral outrage is never shown.

The movie's onerously monotonous plot proceeds through vignettes of Serpico's honesty being put to the test. Alternating with these are interludes of Serpico on the beat, wearing a variety of disguises, and at home, where his girl friend (Barbara Eda-Young) is assigned the traditional role of helpmeet and sounding board for the hero.

These episodes suggest that Serpico is too driven to maintain a decent emotional relationship, so confused and compulsive that he revels in the chance to assume fresh identities with every disguise. Such subtleties, however, are drowned out in the prevailing frenzy of Sidney Lumet's direction, and by the musical score of Mikis Theodorakis, which sounds like a patchwork of his music from *Z* and a concert of favorite folk songs by the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association Band. ■ J.C.





JOBLESS WORKERS WAITING TO PICK UP THEIR CHECKS IN DETROIT UNEMPLOYMENT COMPENSATION OFFICE

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

MONEY

Shaky Budget Preview

U.S. budgets are always rather dubious documents, based on tenuous estimates of anticipated revenues and expenditures. Even in this uncertain company, though, the spending plan for fiscal 1975 that President Nixon will unveil next month will stand out as an exceptionally shaky exercise in pondering the imponderable. The big unknown, of course, is the effect of the energy crisis, which could plunge the U.S. into a recession, slash Government tax revenues, and force big additional outlays for new job programs to ease the impact of unemployment. Whether or not Nixon formally proclaims the figure, the budget could well run a deficit of \$15 billion, nearly double the red-ink figure that now looks likely for the current fiscal year.

Complicating the budgetmakers' problem in striking the proper balance between federal income and spending will be an attempt by the Administration to finally define what it means by "full employment." For twelve years, the official numerical definition has been a 4% jobless rate; Nixonian economists have long grumbled that that goal is now unrealistically low, but they have never set a new target figure, and have often said that there should not be one. To ensure that the budget gives just enough boost to the economy, however, they have concluded that they have to pick a number. Officials of the Treasury Department, Office of Management and Budget and Council of Economic Advisers are framing a new goal that will probably be between 4.5% and 4.8%. That does not necessarily mean that the Government should not try to get joblessness lower; it does mean, in the Administration's view, that trying to do so by manipulating the level of demand in the whole economy would produce more inflation than jobs.

Though the revision may seem a

rather lame attempt to explain away the Administration's failure to reduce unemployment below this year's average of 4.9%, many liberal economists agree that some redefinition is needed. Recent unemployment rates have been persistently higher than in the past because of a huge influx of female, nonwhite and teen-age would-be workers, many poorly educated and unskilled, into the labor force. These people have trouble finding jobs even in a boom economy; the best way to help them may be by expanding job training programs and making structural changes in the employment pattern.

Crucial Question. Though these concepts are widely accepted, that still leaves the problem of measuring what is full employment—that is, the level of joblessness that would be achieved by operating the economy close to capacity without generating too much inflation. The question is crucial because economists inside and outside the Administration now measure the stimulative or depressing effects of budgets not by what the balance between spending and revenues actually is, but by what it would be if the full-employment target were reached. Events in fiscal 1973 demonstrated how important a miscalculation can be. Partly because unemployment was higher than 4%, economists believed that there was a good deal of slack in the economy. The Government accordingly permitted a budget deficit of \$14.3 billion in fiscal 1973, and it proved too much of a stimulus for an economy that was already straining close to its limits. The result: a burst of demand-pull inflation and a spate of shortages that forced President Nixon to clamp on another wage-price freeze and institute Phase IV. Had the full-employment target been set higher, the overheated condition of the economy might have been discerned sooner.

That is history; for next year, everyone agrees that an economy held back by the energy shortage will need some budgetary stimulus. The question is how much. At the moment, OMB Director Roy Ash and other top budget-makers are trying to keep the deficit under tight rein and cure the unemployment problem partly by creating new—and relatively cheap—job programs, like expanded public service employment. Last summer Ash gave Government departments budget targets that totaled about \$292 billion, which was then expected to just about match anticipated revenues. The expenditure figures, though, must now be increased by \$8 billion or so to cover, among other things, new spending programs that Congress has already approved, the replacement of military equipment given to Israel during the Middle East war, and the funding of stepped-up energy research and development. All told, these additions could produce \$15 billion worth of red ink as the expected slowdown eats deeply into tax revenues. Although the deficit itself will not cause much inflation, fuel scarcities and shortages of other goods will assure that prices will continue to rise sharply.

Because of this prospect, the Federal Reserve Board—whose crusty chairman, Arthur Burns, has sometimes complained that the Fed has been forced to shoulder too much of the burden of fighting inflation—will only gradually relax its tight grip on the nation's money supply. In late summer, the board indulged in a bout of miserliness that resulted in sky-high prime lending rates and shortages of funds for mortgages. Last week some signs of a loosening appeared when the Federal Reserve unexpectedly bought up Treasury bonds on the open money market, a move that had the effect of increasing the amount of money banks have to loan. Some of the cash flowed momentarily into the pockets of Christmas shoppers, who went on one last spending spree before 1974, which is fast shaping up as a year of rising prices, product shortages and higher joblessness.

CORPORATIONS

Star-Crossed Lockheed

Close brushes with financial catastrophe have become an unwitting specialty of Lockheed Aircraft Corp. In 1971 the aerospace giant faced bankruptcy because of cost overruns on the C-5A transports it was building for the Air Force; the Pentagon eventually let it escape with a \$200 million loss. Almost immediately, Lockheed's effort to build the L-1011 TriStar nearly crashed before the jumbo jet ever got off the ground when Rolls-Royce, builder of the plane's engines, went bust, eventually saddling Lockheed with \$190 million in unplanned expenses. That time it took an act of Congress (approval of an unprecedented Government guarantee for \$250 million in loans) to save Lockheed. With most of that money gone, Lockheed is in a financial tailspin again, facing what Chairman Daniel Haughton calls "a straightforward matter of the possible need for additional cash." That understates the case: Lockheed could well become the first corporate victim of the energy crisis, and this time there is no savior on the immediate horizon.

Interest Load. The problem, briefly, is debt. Lockheed owes \$600 million to banks, \$200 million of which is covered by the Government loan guarantee, and \$100 million to the Defense Department as reimbursement for C-5A cost overruns, due in ten annual installments beginning in 1974. In addition, it must keep up interest payments on, and perhaps eventually redeem, \$138 million in convertible debentures. Interest payments on all its varied debts are running around \$80 million a year.

That seemed a bearable load, with the TriStar flying and getting high ratings from airline executives—until the fuel shortage hit. Faced with sharp curtailments in jet-fuel supplies, airlines have canceled hundreds of flights and delayed orders for aircraft. Lockheed had expected to collect around \$150 million in cash in 1974, as final payment on

deliveries of nine TriStars to Eastern Air Lines; now the deliveries, and payments, have been postponed until 1975 and 1976. Pacific Southwest Airlines is taking a four-month delay on two more TriStars (price: \$20 million each). On top of that, Japan's All Nippon Airways, on orders from the Tokyo government, will order only two TriStars for 1975 delivery, rather than the four expected.

Thus Lockheed must wait for cash, while continuing to pay interest at 10% and 11% on millions of dollars borrowed to pay for parts and labor on the partially completed planes. Overall, Lockheed has delivered 54 TriStars, has firm orders for 75 more and options for an additional 70, but the total is still 76 planes below company officials' most optimistic estimate of the break-even point on the project. Without the TriStar, says Vice President and Controller Vincent N. Marafino, Lockheed would have made more than \$100 million before taxes in 1973; it is actually likely to report just \$12 million to \$15 million, including extraordinary income from the sale of real estate.

Lockheed has formed a crisis team, consisting of a special committee of directors headed by former New York Stock Exchange President Robert W. Haack and specialists at the New York investment-banking house of Lazard Frères, to look for ways out. Essentially they have three options: 1) borrow still more—if anyone will lend; the company has \$50 million left under its Government loan guarantee, but Marafino warns that it may need even more "for short periods"; 2) sell off some of the corporation's successful operations in missiles, aircraft, electronics and real estate—an odd procedure that would make the money-losing TriStar an even greater drain on what was left; 3) as a last and ever more attractive resort, sell the whole company to a merger partner that has plenty of money and the courage to take on a \$2.5 billion-a-year corporation with an insatiable need for cash. So far, no potential buyer seems excessively interested.

EAST-WEST TRADE

Great Leap Forward

Early this year, U.S. Department of Commerce experts predicted that some three years would pass before trade between the U.S. and China reached \$300 million a year. But Sino-American trade has already taken a great leap forward. This year it will probably exceed \$800 million, up from \$92 million in 1972. In only three years, the U.S. has become China's second most important international trading partner, after Japan.

So far, the new link is proving to be a bonanza for U.S. firms; the Chinese import nearly 15 times as much from the U.S. as they export. Among the biggest ticket items to date are some 4,000,000 tons of grain, ten Boeing 707 jetliners valued at \$150 million, and eight ammonia plants to be built by M.W. Kellogg Co. for \$200 million. The Chinese are also anxious to do business with giant American oil companies such as Exxon, Mobil and Caltex, and makers of petroleum exploration and drilling equipment, including U.S. Steel International, Phillips Petroleum and Baker Oil Tools. Some analysts think that China may have huge undiscovered oil reserves.

Spending Spree. Exploiting whatever oil they have could help the Chinese solve one of their toughest trade problems: paying for massive imports of foreign technology. In addition to expanding its trade with the U.S., China has been on something of an international spending spree. This year it contracted for about \$1 billion of industrial goods including coal mining equipment from Great Britain, fertilizer and thermal power plants from Japan and a petrochemical complex from France. In January, the government disclosed that the Chinese were willing to seek "deferred payment arrangements"—a euphemism for foreign credits—to pay for still more technology. This departure from China's previous policy, buying only what it could pay for in cash, indicates a desire for even greater imports.

LOCKHEED CHAIRMAN HAUGHTON & MUCH TROUBLED TRI-STAR: HEADING FOR ANOTHER FINANCIAL TAILSPIN



EUROPE

Stagflation or Recession?

A dark vision haunts Western Europe these days—the specter of economic decline. Even before the Arabs unleashed their oil weapon, the anti-inflationary measures of European governments, widespread uncertainty about the future and political and labor unrest were combining to slow the rate of growth. What can Europe expect in 1974, which will be a year of rising energy costs and possibility of continuing scarcities?

Last week TIME brought together in Brussels a group of ten economists, bankers and businessmen to survey the prospects. They spoke as individuals, rather than as official representatives of their institutions. After a weekend of discussion, the group was in broad agreement that:

► The best that Europe can hope for in 1974 is "stagflation"—an uncomfort-

cession could stampede many people into seeking solutions on the extreme right or left.

Most members of the economists' group concluded that there was cause to be deeply concerned—but not to be unalterably pessimistic. Recession can be avoided if the Arabs loosen the oil spigot and Europeans recover their confidence. Professor Rolf Krengel of West Berlin's Institute for Economic Research emphasizes: "The psychology is extremely important. If people believe there will be a recession and start cutting their expenditures so as to increase their savings, they will help to bring about the very thing they fear." A fear voiced by some American economists that a prolonged Arab oil squeeze would really devastate the European economy found little echo in the group. Most

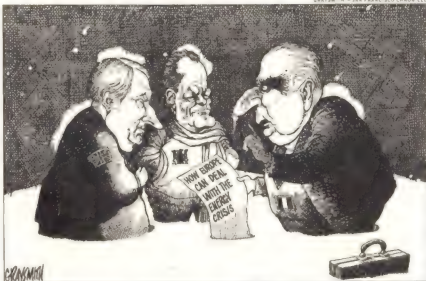
supplies fall 10% to 11% short of meeting demand suggests that growth may be virtually zero. If that happens, unemployment will more than double, to about 2.7% of the labor force; the hardest blow, however, will fall not on Germans but on the many foreign workers in German factories. Real personal income will fall. Output of the auto, construction and household-appliance industries could well go down.

FRANCE. Still believing themselves to be virtually immune from oil shortages, thanks to their government's Middle East policy, the French appear to be less apprehensive about their future than many other Europeans. Their confidence is not entirely justified though. Without the oil shortage, French economic growth would have been 4.5% to 5%. Professor Pascal Salin of the University of Paris thinks that there will still be some real growth, but forecasts rising in unemployment and the cost of living.

BRITAIN. Growth was already slowing when the oil emergency and a coal miners' ban on overtime work caused the government to order drastic austerity. Now, says W.A.P. Manser, adviser to a London merchant bank, the political situation makes economic forecasting virtually impossible for the short term. The outcome for the year will depend not only on the Arabs but also on how long the government holds to a mandatory three-day week for industry—which in turn depends on its negotiations with the Mineworkers Union. Manser does opine that if the three-day week lasts only a month or six weeks into 1974, industry can probably recover the lost output in the remainder of the year—provided that the Arabs decide to make enough oil available.

A combination of energy-saving measures and stagnation or even recession could reduce European demand for oil. But that is not likely to reduce its price, warns Professor Jean-Marie Chevalier, an energy expert from France's University of Grenoble: "We have seen already that the producers can increase their revenues by selling fewer barrels at higher prices. I see no reason why they should not continue that policy." By 1980 Europe may well have developed alternatives to imported oil—coal, nuclear power, and North Sea oil—that will loosen the grip of Middle East politics on its economy. Chevalier cautions, however, that the alternatives will not be cheap: "The era of inexpensive abundant energy has ended."

Though the mood of the symposium was not despairing, it was somber. Some of the economists saw difficulties lasting well beyond 1974. Professor Pen suggested that 1974 "could be the first year of the new future"—one in which economists cannot automatically assume that there will be growth every year. If so, he fears, "many people who are now poor will have to renounce any hope of real progress" unless there is a massive redistribution of income.



"First you get two sticks and rub them together briskly . . ."

able mixture of stagnating output accompanied by continued inflation. Living costs are likely to rise by 10% or more in many countries. Recession—that is, an actual decline in output—is a possibility, though far from a certainty.

► Even without a recession, unemployment will rise in most countries because slow or zero growth will fail to provide enough new jobs for youths leaving school and other people entering the labor force.

► Real personal income will stagnate as unemployment rises, the cost of living increases, and overtime work becomes rarer. The decline in income will cut painfully deep in regions heavily dependent on industries hit hard by the oil weapon, such as autos, steel and rubber.

► Hard times will almost certainly sharpen social and class conflicts. A re-

cession assumed, rightly or wrongly, that the Arabs simply will not force Europe to its economic knees.

The key to forecasting the future for Europe as a whole is the performance of the three biggest economies—those of West Germany, France and Britain. Smaller nations are so heavily dependent on them that they cannot hope to immunize themselves from the Big Three's economic ailments. Professor Jan Pen of the University of Groningen says: "To forecast employment and output in The Netherlands, we must first ask how our chief trading partners will fare." Reports from the key economies:

WEST GERMANY. Before the oil cutbacks and price rises, the Institute for Economic Research forecast growth of only 3% in 1974, or half the rate achieved this year. A study completed this month and assuming that energy

Signs of Life

BLACK CONCEIT

by JOHN LEONARD

254 pages. Doubleday. \$6.95.

NICKEL MOUNTAIN

by JOHN GARDNER

314 pages. Knopf. \$6.95.

You can't write a tragic novel about a man who didn't get a \$3 raise
—David Staction. 1964

This world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel
—Horace Walpole. 1776

Among the considerable afflictions of the serious novel these days are fear of banality and a horror of sentiment. However skillfully they are written, there is often not enough at stake in contemporary novels to keep the mind and heart alive. Two of the most encouraging exceptions this year were John Leonard's *Black Conceit* and John Gardner's *Nickel Mountain*. The two books are also in a sense contrapuntal. In one, reality destroys illusion. In the other, illusion is accepted as a means of protecting love.

Novelist Leonard, 34, is the kind of man who can write the history of Western civilization on the head of a pun, with a little room to spare. That quality has helped make him one of the best popular critics going, as well as the editor of the New York Times Book Review section, but takes some getting used to in Leonard's fiction. In *Black Conceit*, for example, Leonard offers three different major characters: New Englander Kenneth Mackenzie Coffin, a young WASP of means, qualms and wavering commitment to the New Left; Coffin's brilliant wife Marcy, a nice enough Texas girl caught in the coils of biology and history, who is not unfairly described as "a graduate student of herself"; and Rinsler, a cynical organizer for The Movement. A reader soon finds, though, that all three tend to talk (and think) like a John Leonard review. Here is Rinsler inwardly fulminating at "Melville's bourgeois psychodrama . . . Ahab as entrepreneur *cum* zealot . . . Babbitt redux; whale oil poured on troubled waters." Groans Marcy enduring the pain of delivery of her baby: "If this is nature, give me artifice."

Intellectual Fix. No one should be too much put off. The book's quip-filled tirades, like Shaw's prefaces, provide a splendid intellectual fix on the drama. Coffin temporarily leaves his wife and children, as well as Rinsler's movement, which proves as unscrupulous as any Establishment organ. He then tries to practice one-on-one enlightenment as straw boss to a crew of black migrant apple pickers on his ancestral New Hampshire

estate. The results are hilarious but depressing.

In brief compass the author manages to bring off a remarkable range of scenes and situations, from academic Cambridge to the black underbelly of Roxbury (where Ken teaches awhile) to an orgy involving the apple pickers, a family Civil War sword and a death by drowning. Under the black comic claptrap in *Black Conceit* is a deeply felt, uncompromising book about an idealist's disappointment that human nature does not prove perfectible, that human decency, liberally applied, cannot suspend the law of the jungle. "We go on making choices, after the original helplessness," Coffin reflects, "and ultimately it becomes our fault."

Carapace of Irony. John Leonard is a product of Harvard and Berkeley, not to mention apple picking and the New Left. Except for fleeting moments between Coffin and his wife and some sweet, quick glances at their children (the five-year-old boy will not wrestle with his mother: "he suspected her of lack of conviction"), Leonard confronts the world in a carapace of irony. John Gardner, 39, grew up as a farm boy in upstate New York. He is now a professor of English in Illinois, a student of many myths and epics in many tongues, and often an intricate creator of fabulist fictions (*Grendel*, *The Sunlight Dialogues*) in which the surfaces of Middle American life or Anglo-Saxon saga are touched with a mixture of heroic magic and human feeling.

Gardner is unfashionably willing to run more risk of sentimentality than Leonard. Never more so than in *Nickel Mountain*, a curiously youthful novel about people with Oreo cookies and dogs named Prince. The hero, Henry Soames, is the fat owner of a truck-road diner

DAVID SARK



JOHN LEONARD

Fear of banality.

deep in the forests of the Catskills

Gardner's narrative would do for a soap opera. A nice girl named Callie who helps in Henry's diner gets pregnant by a rich man's son, who then skips town. Soames marries her out of kindness. They go through the agony of childbirth. As the boy grows up, their domestic peace is variously threatened in small ways, among them a long summer's drought and the arrival of a religious fanatic who gives the child nightmares by talking about the devil. The child's real father skulks back and they forgive him. Gardner's people are not self-conscious about saying such a thing as "Life goes on" and "Life's a funny thing," bringing to these poor old phrases a sense of wonder at the mysterious or accidental turnings of human affairs.

Like Sherwood Anderson, John Gardner is willing to sound boring and simple-minded in an attempt to reinvest such lines and the characters who say them with a kind of truthfulness and passion. Inevitably, though, he is driven into the minds of his characters and must allow himself a certain novelistic license in complexity—especially as regards the repetitive broodings of Henry Soames and the measure of wisdom that he gradually acquires. There is a moment when Soames rushes at the religious fanatic to protect his son, and the man falls backward and dies. Everyone assures Soames that it was sheer chance, which indeed it was. But he is full of guilt and horror. The reason, he eventually grasps, is that guilt and horror offer the only way to protect human dignity from the dreadfulness of chance.

As Soames' love for his family grows, so does his vulnerability to the threat of chance. A farmer friend remarks: "You say to yourself you'll move heaven and



JOHN GARDNER

Affection for the world.

BOOKS

earth to protect the kid you love, or the woman, or whoever it happens to be, but the minute you say it you're forgetting something."

"What's that?" Soames asks. "You can't," is the answer.

"It's what drives you to God," says Soames, with a little laugh.

John Gardner's book is sometimes overwritten and repetitive. But it shines with talent and, as Randall Jarrell once put it, "with an affection that cannot help itself for an innocence that cannot help itself."

■ Timothy Faote

His Better Half

RUBE GOLDBERG

by PETER C. MARZIO

322 pages. Harper & Row. \$12.50.

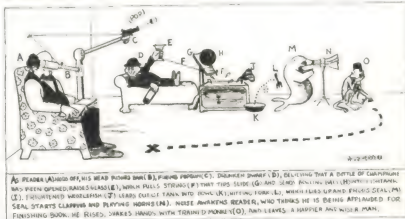
By the 1920s he was widely syndicated, a national institution more or less on a par with his friends Ring Lardner, Will Rogers and Charlie Chaplin. His grand subjects were the quirks of everyday life, things like the difficulty of navigating through revolving doors or reading a medical thermometer. But Rube Goldberg's zany imagination and zippy drawing style really blossomed with the *Inventions of Professor Lucifer Gorgonzola Butts*—those incredible falling-

domino devices that poke fun at the complex concatenations of modern technology by deploying sleepy dogs, melting ice, steam whistles and levers to light a cigar in an open car going 50 m.p.h. or pluck the cotton wadding out of a pill bottle.

By the early 1930s, when Goldberg was in his 40s, his quality began to decline. Still, he continued to work successfully for years as an ultraconservative editorial-page cartoonist with the *New York Sun* and *Journal*. Goldberg

died in 1970 at the age of 87. Neither Biographer Marzio's scholarly research nor the cartoonist's own occasional triumphs—he won a Pulitzer Prize for a cartoon in 1947—can disguise the fact that the man had lost his inspired, raffish touch; most of his late work was simply dull. All of which poses a question: How can a person leave this or any similar book half unread without feeling the slightest qualm? With a bow to Professor Butts, one answer might be the cartoon below.

■ Philip Herrera



A Selection of the Year's Best Books

FICTION

THE BLACK PRINCE by Iris Murdoch. The indiscreet charms of the British bourgeoisie done to a neo-gothic turn.

BURN by Gore Vidal. A clever recreation of the checkered career of that brilliant failure, archplotter and decamped Vice President, Aaron Burr.

FALLING by Susan Fromberg Schaeffer. The blunt but quietly humorous story of a New York girl who lifts herself out of depression by her own pantyhose.

GRAVITY'S RAINBOW by Thomas Pynchon. A brilliantly executed, difficult dervish of a novel, more or less centered on World War II, that includes just about everything of importance in the loony modern world.

THE HONORARY CONSUL by Graham Greene. A sodden but mysteriously blessed British diplomat is mistakenly kidnapped by guerrillas in the master's latest tragedy.

NINETY-TWO IN THE SHADE by Thomas McGuane. A Hemingwayesque tale about a young Key West fishing guide's appointment with love and death.

OTHER MEN'S DAUGHTERS by Richard G. Siern. The fine and touching tale of a 42-year-old Harvard professor who loses his

family and starts a new life after an affair with a pretty student.

PEOPLE WILL ALWAYS BE KIND by Wilfrid Sheed. A shrewd, stunning but badly balanced book. Part I is a blunt yet clever memoir of growing up as a crippled Catholic boy during World War II. Part 2 concerns the enigmatic politician the boy becomes.

THE SUMMER BEFORE THE DARK by Doris Lessing. An intelligent woman's guide to the apocalypse of aging makes a low-key but powerful novel.

THE WORLD OF APPLES by John Cheever. The Bullfinch of the U.S. middle class effects some unsettling awakenings from the American Dream (short stories).

NONFICTION

AMERICANS AND THE CALIFORNIA DREAM (1850-1915) by Kevin Starr. A rich and thoughtful history of what happened after everybody went West.

BURIED ALIVE by Myra Friedman. The sad biography of rock star Janis Joplin, told with notable honesty by her friend and publicist.

THE CONSCIOUS BRAIN by Steven Rose. A 35-year-old British biology professor entertainingly and clearly explains the brain and its functions. The best book of its kind yet written.

ECONOMICS AND THE PUBLIC PURPOSE by John Kenneth Galbraith. That genial superstar of liberal economics discourses upon new priorities, the need for some kind of socialism and the place of women in a consumer society.

THE IMPERIAL PRESIDENCY by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. The most lucid account yet on the emporium of that man in the White House.

THE LIVING PRESIDENCY by Emmet John Hughes. Also in the year of Watergate, a sophisticated and timely primer of how Executive power broadened from precedent to President.

MACAULAY: THE MAKING OF AN HISTORIAN by John Clive. A readable account of the life and times of Victorian England's most convoluted and sonorous stylist.

O'NEIL: SON AND ARTIST by Louis Sheaffer. A fair-minded, thorough biography of America's greatest playwright (Volume II).

THE SOVEREIGN STATE OF ITT by Anthony Sampson. A lively, controversial vivisection of a startlingly omnivorous multinational corporation.

WALKING THE DEAD DIAMOND RIVER by Edward Hoagland. The idea and the reality of the vanishing wilderness are played against each other in this fine and thoughtfully crafted collection of essays on the nature of men and beasts.

Christians and Israel

One of the casualties of the Yom Kippur War was the growing ecumenical spirit between Christians and Jews. In fact, like the 1967 war before it, the war this autumn shocked Christians into sometimes sharp reappraisals of Israel, and shook Jews with the fear of anti-Semitism. One Protestant ecumenical expert in Israel, indeed, lamented that Jewish-Christian relations "have never been more seriously threatened."

A case in point: the violently anti-Israeli opinions of Jesuit Radical Daniel Berrigan, once imprisoned foe of the Viet Nam War, longtime champion of the underdog, and soul brother of the late Rabbi Abraham J. Heschel, American Judaism's most poetic Zionist. At a meeting of the Association of Arab University Graduates this fall in Washington, D.C., Berrigan excoriated Israel as "a criminal Jewish community. The creation of millionaires, generals and entrepreneurs... is rapidly evolving into the image of her ancient adversaries." Israel's "historic adventure, which gave her the right to 'judge the nations,' has veered off into imperial misadventure."

To be sure, Berrigan was harsh with Arab leadership as well ("Their capacity for deception, remarkable even for our world... their contempt for their own poor"). He also tried to soften his criticism by asserting that as "a priest in resistance against Rome" and as "an American in resistance against Nixon," he was "very like a Jew." Berrigan's remarks, his choice of audience, and his pose as an archetypal Jew infuriated Jewish leaders. Historian Arthur Hertzberg, noting that the Jesuit has never been to Israel, ticked off a number of factual errors made by Berrigan in an angry reply in *American Report*, the journal of Clergy and Laity Concerned, which had published the speech. "Underneath the language of the New Left," he wrote, "it is old-fashioned theological anti-Semitism."

Acerbic Views. Berrigan's speech was still causing trouble last week. The American Jewish Congress protested plans to give Berrigan the Gandhi Peace Prize next month. And the Rev. Donald Harrington of the Community Church of New York withdrew from the presentation. Berrigan "has ceased to be a witness for peace," Harrington said. "His speech was not a prophetic utterance, only an inflammatory one."

Most U.S. Christians do not share Berrigan's acerbic views on Israel. During the Yom Kippur War a nun arrived at the Syrian consulate in Manhattan to offer herself in exchange for an Israeli P.O.W. The First Baptist Church of Dallas took a half-page newspaper ad asking Texans to "support Israel." And hundreds of other church leaders and groups, according to a report by Rabbi

Balfour Brickner, spoke up in outrage against the attack by Egypt and Syria and the profanation of Yom Kippur.

There has, however, been considerably less enthusiasm for the Israeli cause at higher levels of church organizations—especially among liberal Protestants. During the war the governing board of the National Council of Churches demanded a Middle East arms embargo by the U.S. and U.S.S.R.—a demand that could influence only the U.S. "If

conceivable," he said, "that Israel may have to die for world peace."

Jewish leaders were also alarmed at the reaction of the World Council of Churches. Its general secretary, Philip Potter, issued a bland statement in favor of peace and the U.N., but avoided the issue of Israel's survival and did not mention the Arab attack. Jews argue that the liaison between the council and the Palestine Liberation Organization—intended to preserve a broker role in the conflict—impedes peace by encouraging the extremists. Moreover, the council has a growing number of churchmen from the Third World who actually support the Palestinian guerrilla cause. "The council has committed itself to a national liberation ideology," complains Tanenbaum. "It would help if they would see that Israel is also an instance of liberation for a people."

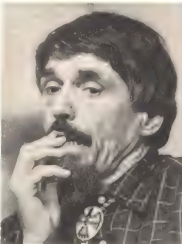
Eternal Pariahs. Some Christians make a distinction between Judaism as a religion or ethic, which they defend, and the secular state of Israel, which they reject or severely criticize. Most Jews eye the distinction suspiciously. They question whether such criticism of Israel may not be a recapitulation—in a political guise—of the centuries-old belief that Jews are eternal pariahs. Though now supposedly abandoned, that brand of dogmatism stressed that Jews were perpetual, persecuted wanderers because they had killed Jesus. In a special issue of *New Catholic World*, Religion Professor Eva Fleischner points out that the birth of Israel effectively contradicted that thinking: "If there was ever an example of history forcing the hand of theology, here it is."

Roman Catholics and evangelical Protestants seem to sympathize more with the intense Jewish concern for Israel than do liberal Protestants. Pope Paul VI, of course, can still be critical of Israel. Just two days before the Yom Kippur War, when he received a new Syrian ambassador to the Holy See, the Pope complained that "The Palestinian people, living miserably, plead that their right to self-determination be recognized." Last week Paul also expressed concern over the fate of Jerusalem's holy places—a thorny political and religious issue that will involve intra-Christian negotiations as well as talks between Arabs and Jews.

In other ways, though, Rome has been solicitous toward the Israelis. Archbishop Jean Jadot, apostolic delegate to the U.S., got the Vatican to intervene with Egypt and Syria on behalf of Israeli P.O.W.s. And a Vatican-Jewish meeting this month, Rabbi Tanenbaum reported, was "a heartening, healing experience." Rome is more realistic about Soviet aims in the Middle East than are many Protestants, he says, and still preserves a sense of tradition that ties Christians to their Jewish moorings.



RABBI ARTHUR HERTZBERG



FATHER DANIEL BERRIGAN

Prophetic or inflammatory?

the resolution had been taken seriously," complains Rabbi Marc H. Tanenbaum of the American Jewish Committee, "Israel would have been denied arms at the very moment the Soviet Union was pouring them in on the other side." Suggesting that Israel's presence was a permanent irritant to Middle East tranquility, one top-ranking Protestant was far more brutal than Berrigan. "It is quite

News from the Hill

What the reporter wanted to know was deceptively simple: How did the four members of Montana's congressional delegation earn their pay the previous week? The offices of three of the legislators responded, but that of the fourth, Senator Lee Metcalf, did not. Next time an answer may be forthcoming. The tiny Livingston, Mont., *Enterprise* (circ. 3,000) learned of Metcalf's taciturnity from the Capitol Hill News Service, a new and unusual press bureau dedicated to covering some Congressmen as they have never been covered before. In a snappish editorial the *Enterprise* concluded: "If we elect them, they ought to be able to tell us a little about what they're doing. If Senator Metcalf, or anyone else, isn't doing anything, we ought to know that too."

The creation of Attorney Peter Gruenstein, 26, CHNS was launched last September on a \$40,000 grant from Public Citizen Inc., one of Ralph Nader's crusading organizations. Gruenstein had learned the inner workings of Congress during a two-year stint as a Congressman's aide. Abandoning his \$24,000-a-year post last winter, he wrote a study for Nader on how the press covers Congress and decided that CHNS could remedy some of the inadequacies.

"Most citizens," says Gruenstein, "get most of their news about their Congressmen from their Congressmen." For financial reasons, only 27% of the U.S. dailies have their own or a shared Washington correspondent. The figures for TV stations (4%) and radio stations (less than 1%) are even more dismal. A.P. and U.P.I. rarely provide close coverage of individual Congressmen. Legislators eagerly fill this vacuum with press releases and canned broadcasts. "Let's face it," Gruenstein says, "a Congressman's nirvana is being able to write a press release and have it printed or broadcast without having the facts checked."

The end to that nirvana for some began with the recruitment of CHNS reporters. Gruenstein interviewed 70 applicants eager to take a "great job and miserable pay." He chose Lauralyn Bellamy, 26, a former staffer of *Broadcasting* magazine; David Holmberg, 35, an experienced Washington reporter; Chris Matthews, 28, author of several freelance articles on Congress; and Clay Steinman, 23, a former reporter for the *Vancouver, Wash., Columbian*. Their salaries range from \$7,000 to \$10,000 a year. Gruenstein, a bachelor with a frugal life-style similar to Nader's, pays himself \$8,000.

Local Angles. Five areas with little Washington coverage—West Virginia, Montana, Indiana, Nebraska and the western sector of Pennsylvania—were chosen as CHNS's pilot targets. Each reporter was assigned to ten or twelve Congressmen from the five states. In late September CHNS began mailing stories with local angles to hundreds of newspapers, radio and TV stations in these areas. It also sent "national" stories on congressional affairs of interest beyond the target areas to a number of publications outside the five states.

One such story earned CHNS considerable publicity—and some notoriety. Bellamy reported on a telephone poll that CHNS had conducted among Senate legislative aides. With 75 of the 100 offices responding, aides named Henry Jackson as the "most effective" Senator, Jacob Javits as the "brightest" and Philip Hart as the Senator with the "most integrity." On the minus side, Senators Mike Gravel, William Scott and Vance Hartke were bunched together as "least effective." Some of the Senators were predictably pleased, others predictably outraged. Some felt that the CHNS polling method had all the reliability of a high school popularity contest. But U.P.I. picked up the story and gave the struggling outfit some badly needed attention.

Other national stories have been

meatier and more professional. Gruenstein reported on the extensive use of House recording studios by Congressmen up for re-election. Charging bargain-basement rates for their sophisticated services, these studios are intended to aid Congressmen in communicating with constituents, not give them an all but free ride in preparing campaign commercials. In another story Gruenstein pointed out a similar use of Government printing facilities to turn out campaign literature.

Such earnest digging has also borne fruit in CHNS local stories. Matthews filed an item for papers in Pennsylvania revealing that a reporter for the *Scranton Tribune* also earned \$5,000 a year as a "public relations assistant" to Pennsylvania Representative Joseph McDade. The *Tribune* accepted its employee's moonlighting calmly, but McDade sniped that the CHNS disclosure was "the worst story I've seen in ten years."

Initially its service was gratis. But CHNS recently stopped sending out stories free and now has 15 paying subscribers (maximum charge: \$50 a week). Gruenstein says that he needs 50 to 80 subscribers if CHNS is to become self-supporting when the Nader money runs out in March; he optimistically foresees a time when CHNS might cover up to 350 of the 535 members of Congress.

The Osgood Muse

Dawn is still some time away when newsmen in radio stations across the country begin to comb the wire-service bulletins and newspapers for the makings of their early programs. Their reach is enormous, but the product is generally predictable. At its frequent worst, radio news consists of clatters and bleeps strung together by an announcer who has learned to rip and read wire-service copy. Even the morning shows of larger independent stations and network affiliates rarely rise above an intelligent presentation of the moment's headlines.

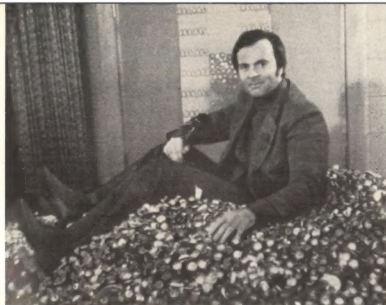
One measured voice in all this noise is that of Charles Osgood, whose five-minute-and-50-second *Newsbreak* programs have an audience of 2,253,000 each morning on the CBS radio network. While his colleagues concentrate on assembling verbal front pages, Osgood searches out items that newspapers are likely to bury. He interviews the teenage girl who got the idea of sending spiders into space via Skylab. He tells of the confession of a cat burglar in Miami who is only seven years old.

Depending on the topic, Osgood might get a fast telephone interview, catching subjects like the spider girl before breakfast. Or he might edit tapes from assorted places to make a point.

*Recent surveys show that 52% of the public get their first news of the day from radio.

UTAH REPRESENTATIVE OWENS FACES CHNS'S MATTHEWS, GRUENSTEIN & BELLAMY





CBS's CHARLES OSGOOD ATOP COLLECTION OF BOTTLE CAPS IN LANSDALE, PA. Writing doggerel, splicing and getting interviews before breakfast.

The morning after the last election, Osgood assembled several victory speeches to demonstrate how similar such addresses are regardless of candidate and locale. When he does choose to cover a straight story, like an election, he applies a twist. Sometimes he does a show in doggerel, as when Speaker Carl Albert declined Spiro Agnew's request for a House investigation into the charges against him. Concluded Osgood: "You accuse me of just doing nothing/ It's not true, as a matter of fact/ I am far, far beyond doing nothing/ I am boldly refusing to act."

Silliest Goose. Made to order for the Osgood touch was a story about U.S. Ambassador to India Kenneth Keating, who liked to feed the waterfowl on an embassy pond. When he left the New Delhi post last summer, Keating's staff put up a bronze plaque commemorating his acts of "compassion and devotion" to the birds. Then one Foreign Service man told a subordinate that a proliferation of such plaques would clutter the clean lines of the Edward Durrell Stone-designed embassy building. So the eager-to-please underling ordered the inscription sanded off the plaque, a bureaucratic half-measure that earned him and his boss ridicule. Osgood's moral: "There are many kinds of waterfowl, but the silliest goose of all does not live in the pond."

Osgood's sense of the incongruous has been heightened through a less than meteoric career. A radio buff since his Baltimore childhood, Osgood (full name: Charles Osgood Wood III) passed through Fordham University and the U.S. Army, spending as much time as possible inside announcing booths. A stint as general manager of the nation's first pay-TV station, WHCT in Hartford, Conn., kept him from a microphone for only a short time. The station lost money, and Osgood was out of a job. "I thought I was the world's greatest expert on pay TV," he says, "but since

there was only one pay-TV station—mine—my services were not exactly in demand. I went from being the youngest manager of a TV station in the U.S. to being the oldest radio cub reporter."

That was ten years ago, and although he does an occasional TV story for CBS news programs, Osgood, 40, is not certain that video is his métier. He thinks that he lacks the "graphic eye" necessary for good TV news pieces. Words and music are something else. He enjoys playing Bach on his electronic organ (favorite piece: *Invention No. 8 in F*). His love of sound is reflected in the off-the-cuff poetry he began writing while in the Army (among his lyrical credits: 25 published songs, including Nancy Wilson's *Black Is Beautiful*).

Composed in the hectic minutes preceding a *Newsbreak* broadcast, Osgood's verse veers erratically between Ogden Nash and Edgar Guest ("Nothing could be finer/ Than a crisis that is minor/ In the morning" reads one typical effort). "If you're writing a four-minute poem," Osgood explains, "and you have about a half-hour in which to do it, you accept whatever the muse lays on you."

His muse works the early shift. Osgood leaves his apartment on Manhattan's West Side at 4 a.m., scours the papers and incoming stories at his CBS office for material that he can use that morning. When he shakes loose to do one of his rare TV pieces, it is in the same whimsical vein. Recently he went to Lansdale, Pa., to find out why pupils in one class had been told to collect 1,000,000 bottle caps. The idea, it turned out, was to give the children some tangible feel for huge numbers. Osgood's interviews with the kids showed that they still had not the slightest notion of what 1,000,000 of anything means. The collection, however, was lumbering on—a paradigm of futility. Not a major story, to be sure, but given the Osgood treatment, a model of its kind that is scarce in both print and electronic journalism.

MILESTONES

Married. Robert Shaw, 57, conductor of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra and director of the Robert Shaw Chorus since 1948; and Caroline Saultz Hitz, 37, a member of the Atlanta Symphony board; both for the second time; in Atlanta.

Divorced. Richard Roundtree, 31, portrayer of John Shaft, the leather-suited black private eye who has battered his way through three movies and is now the star of a television series; and Mary Jane Roundtree; after ten years of marriage, five years of separation and two children; in Chicago.

Died. Walden Robert Cassotto, 37, the crooner known as Bobby Darin, who at 22 became a rock-'n'-roll star with *Splish Splash*, won a large audience with his driving version of Kurt Weill's *Mack the Knife*; following open-heart surgery for a longtime heart ailment; in Los Angeles. A confessed student of the Sinatra style, Darin characteristically loosened his tie and snapped his fingers even when singing somber songs. In 1960 he married Sandra Dee, but by the middle of the decade both his marriage and his career were turning sour. A divorce and a new image gave him a boost, but he never achieved his outspoken ambition "to become a legend."

Died. James Wallace (Wally) Butts, 68, coach of the University of Georgia's football teams from 1939 to 1960 and winner of one of the largest libel judgments (\$3,060,000) in American history; of a heart attack; in Athens, Ga. Butts, a stern, demanding field commander, led his teams to eight bowl games and four Southeastern Conference championships. When a 1963 article in the *Saturday Evening Post* charged Butts and Alabama Coach Paul ("Bear") Bryant with rigging the results of the 1962 Alabama-Georgia game, Butts took his case all the way to the Supreme Court, which eventually upheld a reduced award of \$460,000.

Died. Amleto Giovanni Cardinal Cicognani, 90, scholarly Apostolic Delegate to the U.S. (1933-58) and Secretary of State of the Vatican (1961-69); following a brief illness; in Rome. Cicognani made the recommendations for every American bishop appointed during his 25 years in Washington.

Died. Charles Greeley Abbot, 101, astrophysicist, inventor and secretary of the Smithsonian Institution from 1928-44; in Riverdale, Md. In 1972, a crater on the moon's dark side was named for Abbot, who spent more than 70 years studying the effects of solar radiation on terrestrial weather patterns and patented numerous devices for converting the sun's heat into energy.

A Polish Sherlock

New York Police Lieut. Theo Kojak is a man of parts: jutting ears, a billiard ball of a pate and a squashed nose. As played by the movies' perennial heavy, Aristotle ("Telly") Savalas every Wednesday night at 10, this street-smart tough yegg also has a soft and thoughtful center. He wears vests, and sucks lollipops in an attempt to give up cigars. The combination makes for one of the more intriguing cop characters on TV. It has also made the show built around the character, CBS's *Kojak*, the first new program of the season to crack the top ten in the Nielsen audience ratings.

Very Tough. *Kojak* shows New York City in all its roach-and-racketeering misery. The directors neatly capture the alternately plodding and explosive rhythm of police work. But ultimately the show is a one-man operation. "Kojak is Telly," says Universal Television's Vice President Tom Tannenbaum, who chased Savalas around Europe to snag him for the part. "He's a suave, bright guy who always gives you the forbidding feeling that he can get very tough."

Savalas' *Kojak* is far less violent and ready for the chase than CBS's Mannix. He solves crimes with his head, like a Polish Sherlock Holmes. In last week's episode, fragments from a dead man's glasses ultimately led him to the heart of a crooked urban-renewal scheme. This week he pieces together clues from a drug addict that set him on the trail of a fellow detective turned criminal.

Savalas has invented some of the best bits of *Kojak*'s character right on the set. It was his idea for *Kojak* to suck on lollipops and wear three-piece suits. He also wants *Kojak* to go to night school in future installments. For the most part, however, the 6-ft. 1-in., 200-lb. actor does not have to invent a character for *Kojak*, because he is playing himself.

Born more or less 50 years ago (he won't tell exactly when) in Garden City,



SAVALAS IN SCENE FROM *KOJAK*
"Inside is a Romeo."

N.Y., of Greek immigrant parents, Savalas knows from experience those mean streets he now uses for locations (some of the show is also shot in Los Angeles). He graduated from a noisy family whose fortunes fluctuated from wealth in the tobacco business to bankruptcy in the Depression and back to affluence in the bakery business. He earned a degree from Columbia University in psychology, an experience that permanently turned him off the subject. He took a job at the U.S. State Department Information Service, rose to executive director for the Near East, South Asia and Africa, and, under fire from jealous colleagues—according to his ver-

sion—switched to being a director for ABC television news and special events. In that job he won a Peabody Award for a series he developed, *Your Voice of America*. On the side, he also took the helm of a theater in Stamford, Conn., that quickly folded under him.

Savalas' career as an actor began when he was 37, and more or less by accident. An agent asked him to find someone who could play an East European judge on television's *Armstrong Circle Theater*. Although totally untrained, he auditioned for the part on a whim and got it. "I became an actor out of curiosity," he said during a *Kojak* shooting break last week in Hollywood, "and at first my career was fascinating because the parts were varied." Savalas won an Academy nomination for playing a convict colleague of Burt Lancaster's in the 1962 movie *Birdman of Alcatraz*. The studios then typecast him in a long series of heavy roles, notably the swinish pervers in *The Dirty Dozen* (1967). When Hollywood sagged as a film center in the '60s, Savalas moved his wife Lynn and their three daughters to Europe, where he worked unenthusiastically as a villain in Italian potboilers. "One day," he says yearningly, "they will realize I can do a romantic story. Forget the gorilla exterior. Inside is a 16-year-old Romeo."

Enjoying Life. Middle-aged Lothario might be more accurate. Lynda Day George, who acted with him in a recent TV movie of the week, observes: "When he finally relaxes and finds it isn't necessary to conquer every woman he meets, he'll begin to enjoy life more." Meanwhile, Savalas is giving a pretty good imitation of enjoying life. He storms through a fluff through grueling six-day weeks of shooting, barely stepping out of character to slip off the set and make phone calls to his bookie, and slurps ice cream happily, surrounded by Greek crew members. "Forget the fame, forget the money; that's nonsense. You get your friends jobs."

The Year's Most

MOST REWARDING VIEWING: the Senate Watergate hearings, which combined public service, comedy, drama and some boredom in what, for this year, was the medium's finest hour—or rather 200 hours.

MOST GRIPPING SOAP OPERA: *An American Family* (PBS), about the Louds, which showed how the world turns in the upper-middle-class, California division.

MOST IRRITATING DEVELOPMENT: the spread of comedy "roasts"—rarely well done.

MOST IMPRESSIVE DEBUT: Katharine

Hepburn, who poignantly played her first TV role in *The Glass Menagerie*, and gave an even more varied and captivating performance as herself on the *Dick Cavett Show* (both ABC). Runner-up: Senator Sam Ervin as that perennial favorite, the shrewd, aw-shucks folk hero.

MOST BALLYHOOED FIZZLE: ex-Washington Post Reporter Sally Quinn in CBS's pallid *Morning News*.

MOST LIVELY CULTURAL FAKE: Alistair Cooke's *America* (NBC).

MOST WELCOME SURVIVORS: the PBS public affairs shows whose funding was threatened by Administration-inspired pressure, notably *Bill Moyers' Journal*,

Firing Line and *Washington Week* in Review.

MOST ENGAGING CHARACTERIZATION: Peter Falk's rumpled, resourceful *Columbo* (NBC), which freshened the overworked cop-and-crime formula.

MOST UNPROFESSIONAL SPORTS COVERAGE: the sexist sniping by Rosemary Casals, Gene Scott and Howard Cosell at the Bobby Riggs-Billie Jean King tennis match (ABC).

MOST NOURISHING DRAMA: Laurence Olivier and Britain's National Theater in *Long Day's Journey into Night* (ABC) and Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival production of *Much Ado About Nothing* (CBS)—a tie.

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